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# THE DARK SIDE

The Magazine of the Macabre and Fantastic



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# MANIAC COP 2



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WITH JAVIERA BILAL / AND STYLING BY / THE CRAFTSMAN / BY / DAVID ALLEN / JESSIE HANCOCK / AND / JEFFREY KRAVITZ / AND / DAVID KROPP / AND / PETER D'AMICO

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**IN THE WEST END AND SELECTED CINEMAS NATIONWIDE FROM FRIDAY JANUARY 25TH**

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**THE DARK SIDE**  
 The Magazine of the Macabre and Fantasy

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# THE DARK SIDE

The Magazine of the Macabre and Fantastic

## Introduction

I remember vividly the day that I set eyes on my very first monster magazine. It was called **MONSTERS AND THINGS**, and bore a wonderfully lurid front cover showing a mouldy mummy in pursuit of a buxom female (goodness knows to what purpose). **HORROR BEASTS DINE TONIGHT**, it screamed, and went on to promise 'Stories And Pictures To Turn Your Hair White!' This was an invitation I found impossible to resist, and I shelled out the princely sum of one shilling and sixpence to read all about the history of Frankenstein movies and the various methods of embalming favoured by the ancient Egyptians. That sort of information could come in handy someday.

**MONSTERS AND THINGS** was an American magazine already long out of print before I came across that precious copy lurking enticingly among the **TRUE DETECTIVES** in the shadowy interior of a local newsagents. It didn't turn my hair white, but it did encourage me to seek out others like it. The best and most influential of the early monster mags was Farry J. Ackerman's legendary **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**, which offered a pun-filled panorama of the horror scene aimed at American kids and teenagers (who didn't have to wait until they were 16 years old or over to get in to see such genre gems as **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF** and **THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES**).

Impressionable, horror-starved British kids such as myself discovered a whole new world of wonders within the pages of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. We also discovered more bed puns than in a host of **CARRY ON** movies. Hollywood became Horrorwood, and California was Karioff-ornia. The picture request spot was called 'You Axxed For It'. I drooled with envy over some of the things our American cousins could purchase: tiny monkeys and seahorses, grisly mutant masks, and working models of the guillotine. ('Amaze your friends!') I spent most of my later childhood asking my parents how we could acquire a zip code.

F.M. also encouraged its readers to send in pictures of themselves made up with fangs or prosthetic scars, which made their letters pages very colourful indeed. As the magazine went from strength to strength, so it bred countless cheap imitations like **MAD MONSTERS** and **HORROR MONSTERS** (edited by somebody called Abernathy Forsquond!), which took dreadful panning to new heights. But the only serious rival to **FAMOUS MONSTERS** was the far more critical and serious **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, which lasted 25 issues and included features by director Joe Dante and William K. Everson and was heavily into political criticism of the underhanded activities of 'Tricky Dicky' Nixon.

The UK has long had a flourishing fanzine press, but it is only in recent years that a number of mainstream professional publications have attempted to mine the same commercial horror market as American publications like **FANGORIA** and **GOREZONE**. **THE DARK SIDE** is in the foreground of these, a lot more critical and opinionated than **FAMOUS MONSTERS** ever was, and hopefully all the better for it. But you wouldn't be reading these words now if those great monster mags hadn't inspired me as a child. I only hope that this magazine will similarly fire the imagination of youngsters out there now, some of whom will be the Clive Barkers, the Stephen Kings, and the magazine editors of tomorrow. Stay with us. As Farry would say, the beast is yet to come...



Allan Bryce

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Maitland McDonagh goes on set with MANIAC COP 2

**T**he cast and crew of MANIAC COP 2 are set up in a church cafeteria in West New York, which is — contrary to what you might think — in New Jersey. It's freezing cold outside, and everyone who doesn't have to be outdoors is clustered around one of the long lunch tables in the shadow of basketball hoops and inspirational posters. Director Bill Lustig darts inside, bundled up in a puffy tan down jacket, grabs some coffee and heads back out. "Are we having fun yet?" he asks no one in particular.

MANIAC COP was something of a surprise: a small picture that turned out to be pretty entertaining. The idea was born over lunch. Lustig and Larry Cohen, who both wrote the MANIAC COP and the MANIAC COP 2 scripts, agree that it was near Lincoln Center, though Lustig says it was at The Ginger Man and Cohen remembers it as the restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel. But they agree on the rest. "Larry asked how come I'd never made a sequel to MANIAC," Lustig

relates. "And I said I'd never been able to figure a direction to go in with a sequel; the film was a success, but the story wasn't particularly strong. So we were bouncing around ideas and the title MANIAC COP came up, and I said 'What a great title!' And Larry said,

"Yeah... You have the right to remain silent forever!" I said.

"That's a sale... that's a sale... ap-proof idea."

Let's face it, no matter

# COPS AND HORRORS



Laurence London and Bruce Campbell

what kind of movie you make, with a title like that you can sell it."

The only dissenting voice came from the film's eventual distributor, Shapiro/Glickenhaus. "They came to me and said, 'You can't release a picture called MANIAC COP. You've got to come up with a new title,'" says Cohen. "I said, 'You are kidding me - that's the greatest box office title going.' Eventually I prevailed, but it was a long and tedious process. I mean, everything you need to know about the show is right there in two words. Two

words! That's economy of expression."

Larry Cohen is a longtime hyphenate, often writing, producing and directing. His history as a director is checkered, but he's nothing if not a grant screenwriter ("He's one of those people who's always got an idea - you never know what he'll come up with next," says actress Laurence London. "You have to wonder what goes on in his mind when you look at what he writes."), witness films as varied as IT'S ALIVE, GOD TOLD ME TO and BEST SELLER. On the MANIAC COP files, Cohen turned

in his screenplays and backed off. "I don't go on the set. Bill's the director, and I'm a director myself, so I know better than to give him one more thing to worry about, you know? On the first picture I was on the set for one day. I made four or five suggestions and he used every one of them."

"I'm sure if I went down now I could have a lot of input, but it wouldn't be right. I did a play once in New York, with Joshua Logan producing. Logan never came to the theatre once; he told me, 'If the actors set me they'll think I'm directing, and I'm out. You are.' Joshua Logan showed me that courtesy, so the least I can do is show it to another director. But he'll call me up, and if there's anything useful I can tell him, it's his."

MANIAC COP wasn't HENRY V, but it was a great idea, nicely played out. New York is under siege, people are being killed, and the culprit is... yes, a maniac cop. Specifically, Matt Cordell, a straight arrow cop who can foot of the brass, was sent to prison on a trumped-up charge and killed by his fellow inmates. Or was he? Undead, or alive and crazed with vengeance, Cordell is an avenging demon in blue and until he's stopped, no-one is safe.

"MANIAC COP 2 happened because of MANIAC COP. It's like a recurring disease," Cohen says wryly. "You think you're all better, but you're not MANIAC COP 2 is a rebopse." He adopts a serious tone. "It's going to be a much better picture than the first one. The script is much better, the cast is much better, the budget is better. Bill Lustig is a better director now than he was then."

Robert Z'Adar is six foot plus of well-proportioned muscle, soft spoken but nevertheless imposing. He played Cordell



Matt Cordell goes up in flames



in the first film and is back for the sequel, waiting in the upstairs chamber - complete with stained glass windows - that's serving as dressing room for the entire cast. Z'Adar's background includes writing television jingles and his training extends to musical theatre, but he's got a look that "unusual" doesn't really begin to describe. What you can't take your eyes off is his tremendous jaw, which has gained him the roles of tough guys in films as various as YANGO & CASH (edictic prison bully), THE LAST INTERVIEW (cousin), THE BIG SWEAT (detective), KISS OF DEATH (angel of death), THE FINAL SANCTION (brainwashed



*This picture is NOT posed!*

(Rascalan soldier) and, of course, the MANIAC COP.

"I understand that the character of Matt Cordell was based loosely on a real cop of the 1960s, a good cop who had a tendency to take things too far," Z'Ador explains. "Kind of the original DIRTY HARRY. In the first film Cordell gets set up on a murder charge and sent to jail, where he's in with all these guys he put away. He gets hacked to death with shivs in the shower — my nude shower scene — and, as you know, Bill Lustig loves his blood, so the whole thing got pretty gory. Anyway, Cordell comes back as a kind of Terminator, so undead cop they can't kill. And though he gets beat up something awful and goes off the end of the pier at the end, you see my hand coming out in the water, so you know Cordell is going to be for more."

Cordell is indeed back for more, but MANIAC COP 2 doesn't just reprise the first picture's mayhem. "MANIAC COP 2 is a hybrid," Cohen explains. "A police action thriller crossed with a horror



*Laurene Landon's is the wrong movie*

picture. It's just about what happens when two multiple killers cross paths. There are so many of them running around the country, it had to happen. What it isn't is a slasher picture."

"Cordell comes back almost brain dead," Z'Ador continues. "All he wanted was to be the best cop there was and all these horrible, brutal things have happened to him and warped his spirit into a monster. Then he

teams up with Terbel, a serial murderer who's one sick puppy. Well, when you bring two sick puppies together, you know there's going to be sickness all over! After they get through with their basic agenda — killing and throwing New York City into a panic — they decide they're going to bust all the prisoners out of Sing Sing."

Cordell and his serial killer friend face

a formidable set of adversaries. There's officer Teresa Mallory, (Laurene Landon, reprising her role) who survived one encounter with the Maniac Cop and is convinced he's back. Officer Susan Riley (Claudia Christian), the police psychologist in whom Mallory confides, and Detective Sean McKinney (Robert Davi), a no-nonsense veteran who just wants to get to the bottom of the case.

Tonight's shoot involves a taxi stunt: It's part of a scene in which Cordell tries to murder Mallory and Riley. The taxi — a big yellow cab — is riding on the rim, sending a shower of sparks along the pavement. The pavement is roped off out of camera range and the street barricaded at both ends. Z'Ador is needed only briefly, and since he'll be seen in the shot from the waist up and from the back only, he's wearing his jacket and hat over his own jeans and he isn't in make-up.

Christian and Landon, who are called later, get into costume and make-up. Christian's white cashmere sweater is shedding on her black stretch pants. "It took a man to figure out this costume," she laughs, picking off some stray hairs. Slight and animated.

Christian



looks an unlikely opponent for a killer cop from beyond the grave. "Listen, after playing a stripper with a machine gun possessed by an alien criminal (in *THE HIDDEN*), this role looks pretty normal. I'm a cop, someone who never got out there on the front lines. My character, Sean, has a background in psychology, so she was offered a position counseling other cops and she took it - that's a pretty rational choice, don't you think?"

The only weird thing here is what's going on with the maniac cop. He has a chance to kill her; he has more than one chance to kill her. But he doesn't. What's going on here? Is my character having some kind of romance with a dead man? Now that's scary!" Christian's delicate looks belie her hearty laugh. She's also less hewn than you'd expect after having seen her as a killer stripper. She throws her head back and guffaws. "Oh, yeah, they

stunt has gone fabulously, except that the fellow car - the one with one of the cameras mounted on the hood - has slammed into it. The possible damage has to be assessed before the shoot can continue, and everybody's muttering "It's always something," like a mantra.

The third maniac cop killer isn't on set. Robert Davi is flying in from the West Coast later in the week to begin his scenes. Slender and intense, with deeply pockmarked skin, Davi skyrocketed into the public eye with his role as a drug baron opposite Timothy Dalton in the most recent James Bond film, *LICENCE TO KILL*. "McKinney is a tough cop," he says. "He's developed a thick skin to get through what he has to do and he's pissed off that he has to see this police shrink. He's not into all this stuff about feelings and emotions."

"He's been on the streets and he thinks he knows what's worth being afraid of and what's not. A junkie with a gun, a serial killer - that's something to be afraid of, and you deal with them by being tough. A maniac cop, some kind of ghost or something that's back from the dead - that's bullshit. McKinney admires Matt Cordell, he respects that Cordell was a policeman with pride in his profession and the guts to have authority and do what he knew was right. But Cordell back from the dead? No way."

**MANIAC COP** maintained some ambiguity about Cordell's precise nature, though Cohen insists. "You knew the maniac cop was supernatural in the first place. Slashed in death in the shower, all those cops shooting at him, plunged into the river - he was always more dead than alive." He goes on to say, "I think that's the secret of all these characters who have been such successes in horror movies - Jason and Freddy and Michael Myers. Their fans love that they can't be killed. The fact that they're supernatural makes the violence fun, not like real life murder. It's all make believe, like a fairy tale."

But, Z'Adair points out, "Cordell isn't Michael Myers. He was a good guy, but everything he's been through has turned him into a kind of Frankenstein's

monster. There's a flashback to the scene in which he gets killed by the prisoners, and I think it's important because it reminds you who he was... that makes what he's become so much more horrifying, almost tragic." He laughs. "I just did a body casting for the appliance they're going to use for that scene," he says. "Cordell gets stabbed so many times, they're trying to find places to stick the knives into me! I look like a walking cutlery display."

Cordell's look, designed by Dean Cates.



Fran Maniac Cops stop for coffee and doughnuts

had to get out the stunt books for that!" she says. "For *CLEAN AND SOBER*, too, because I was supposed to be a scripter. I tell you, I got on the set and suddenly they're saying 'Here comes Claudia - stuff her!'"

"You know, I was always the comedienne, and when I got into acting I thought I was going to be like Lucille Ball or something. Instead, look at me: I got to be a drug addict, a killer stripper, a cop - more than once! - who would have thought it? There must be one hell of a shortage of strong women for these roles if they're going to me!"

Landon, a longtime exploitation favorite, flirts with the talk. "Theresa is an undercover policewoman who's convinced the maniac cop is still alive. Nobody believes her, of course. They all want to put her in a mental institution, but she's right and they wind up sorry."

"I think my favorite scene is the one where I take a live chainsaw to the maniac cop. It's so funny it made me laugh out loud when I read it, and yet you're supposed to take it so seriously... that's tough for me, taking things like that seriously. I think Larry may have been subliminally influenced by my telling him I bought a chainsaw for my ex-boyfriend!" (The boyfriend, Christian Brando - recently arrested for murdering his sister's boyfriend, was working as a landscaper when he and Landon met.) The script aside read, "Yes, the heroine grabs a chainsaw and goes after the maniac."

There's a commotion outside. The taxi



Do you feel lucky?

is far more elaborate than the scar prosthetics used in the first film. "In the first picture there was six or seven pieces that looked like black marks," says Z'Adair. "But this time I'm wearing a full mask that's made to look like I've been in the water for a long time. I'm all decayed and white and I'm missing an ear... It's all pretty grotesque. I tried the mask on for the first time yesterday and, to be perfectly honest, I had to ask them to poke two little holes in it, because it felt so though I was suffocating. I'm not afraid of too many things, but I have a real fear of being suffocated and that mask was a little difficult to deal with at first."

The movie's big set piece takes place in Sing Sing, where Cordell and Terkel have gone to recruit the army of killers with which they're going to wreak havoc on a previously unimagined scale. At the eleventh hour, Cordell's repressed better nature asserts itself, and he turns on Terkel and the prisoners. The scene's theme is burn, baby, burn, and the fire stunts are both extensive and impressive - they are reportedly one of the reasons the film ran into trouble in the States with the MPAA.

It certainly looks like the end for Matt Cordell, but it looked that way at the end of *MANIAC COP*, too, and here we are making a new one. Could Cordell come back for more? Says Z'Adair, "The film ends with Cordell's funeral, everybody saying what a shame he isn't here to see it. And then what do you see but a shadow over the cemetery."

"Now, what that might mean for the third film I don't know; whether Cordell is going to come back again as a good cop who's totally disfigured but still dedicated to fighting crime or whether he's going to be resurrected to go on a killing spree. I don't know."





# MIRACLE MILE<sup>15</sup>

50 Minutes  
and counting...



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AT A CINEMA NEAR YOU FROM JANUARY 18TH



# POST MORTEM

If you have something you want to get off your chest, don't be afraid to scream at us about it. Send your bouquets or brickbats to Post Mortem, The Dark Side, Panini House, 116-120 Goswell Road, London EC1 7QD

Dear Editor,

Firstly, I must congratulate you on the publication of what must surely be the most comprehensive, attractively-presented and well-priced horror magazine available at present.

Flinging through my December edition of *The Dark Side*, I am delighted to see the addition of the 'Post Mortem' readers' letters, to your list of regular columns. I find it interesting to read what other readers have to say about the magazine. Besides, constructive criticism is an excellent way for a magazine to better itself. I was glad to see a person of my own age group showing an interest in the horror genre (I myself am fifteen years old, *Amateur Writers of Shropshire* is fourteen).

Your 'Prints of Darkness' section, I believe, is too short. A few extra pages of horror novel reviews would certainly not go amiss. The layout, artwork and general appearance of the magazine are perfect.

Perhaps it might be worthwhile to organise some sort of penfriend to-operative, in which fans of the magazine might be able to contact each other through *The Dark Side*. I, for one would be interested in such a service.

Oliver Conroy,  
Ca. Louth, Ireland.



Dear Sir,  
Back in the 70s I picked up a magazine which had in it a review of a film called *THE BUSHWACKER*, two pages of stills, and a synopsis, which to this day I have been unable to track down. Do not confuse this title with a film of the same name made in 1952 starring Lon

Cherry and Dorothy Malone. To give an idea of the plotline: three women and their pilot crashland in the desert. After much banking, they realise they are not the only ones around. Lurking in the bush is a large madman, who after killing two of the women, is killed by the pilot with a flare pistol. Can you shed any light on this masterpiece, and end my quest? I think your magazine is great, and look forward to number three. How about reviewing more films from the 50s and 60s?

Yours in fantasy,  
G. Rendell, Coventry.

No sooner said than done: you'll note our coverage of the *Quatermass* movies in the last issue, and look for a brief 1 Gordon retrospective as well, coming up shortly. As for *THE BUSHWACKER* movie, the plot sounds similar to that of a picture called *HUNGLOD* directed by Paul (FROM NIGHT) Lynch. But that wasn't made until 1962, so it couldn't have turned up in a 70s mag. It's not in any reference books, so either it had a title change or wasn't released at all. Perhaps other DARK SIDE readers can cast some light on this one...?



Dear Mr Bryce,  
When I first saw *THE DARK SIDE* in a sleazy little newsagent's shop, I thought 'Oh Crad, it's a FEAR ripoff.' But after purchasing a copy and reading it, I was pleasantly surprised to discover yet another reasonable magazine which deals with one of my favourite genres, and one which brought with it some original ideas in both format and presentation. So keep up the good work on these counts.

However, to praise you is not all this letter was written to do. I would like primarily to criticise your cinema and book reviewers for their narrow-minded approach. For example, John Branson states quite clearly in issue one that he will not be looking at any 'Sword and Sorcery' fantasy because he personally dislikes them. Surely critics should have open minds on all subject matter and therefore be able to judge a book by its literary content, without previous bias of any sort?

Many people involved in the DARK(er) SIDE of entertainment mean about the professional critics, such as Barry Norman, who deny the genre whenever they are given the chance, so why does an obviously professional magazine encourage this stifling approach within its own reviewing columns? If it's a feeling reviewer you need, then let me know, but really I think that if Mr Branson is to man the books column he should be forced a *Sword and Sorcery* novel each month, just to open up his acquiring optics!

Alan Fresh, a well known and generally proficient observer of movies, made some good and accurate comments concerning a couple of the films discussed in issue two, although his views on 'Vampire's Kiss' differ quite considerably from other reviews I've read, but it's not with Mr Fresh that I've got a bone to pick. I thought that some of David Cox's comments about 'Flatliners' and 'Dark Man' were very unfair and extremely prejudiced, to say the least. Perhaps Mr Cox would benefit from leaving the scene in the near future, so that he can return at a later date and perhaps enjoy a film without feeling the need to point out some of its more obvious problems, ones which I am sure most audiences will notice as their own, but who probably won't hold it personally against the director, as he seems

to do! Mr Cox's treatment of these two very professional and entertaining films was shabby, and on the whole, unjust. Of course they could have been better, what film couldn't? But it would seem that he does not realise that he's supposed to criticise the movie as it stands, not as it could have been! It has always been easier to criticise than praise, but if David Cox is to continue making noises in your magazine, can they be of a constructive nature as well, otherwise I am sure that you could find someone who is more competent than he...

Anyway, thanks for listening to my meagre mouthful of moans and groans. I look forward to seeing if you dare to print such a critical letter...!

Yours sincerely,  
Justin Richards,  
Barnes, Worcester.

Of course we're not scared of a bit of criticism, Justin, and neither, I'm sure, are Sam Beem or Joel Schumacher, the directors of *DARKMAN* and *FLATLINERS*. Both films have made a staggering amount of money, so I expect they can live with the odd bad review! It is more than a little unfair, however, to suggest that David Cox should be given the olive just because his critical opinion is at odds with your own. Ironically, genre magazines are frequently taken to task for not being critical ENOUGH of the movies they review. I personally thought David was spot-on with his digging-off of the dismal *FLATLINERS*, and while I enjoyed *DARKMAN* a lot more than he did, I still found it a disappointment coming from somebody of Sam Beem's incredible talent. As for John Branson's refusal to handle any *Sword and Sorcery* novels, well I think that he made that statement as a humorous vein. But by the great lord of Gandel you can take it from me that we WILL be covering such material in the future, even if I have to review the dozen staff reject!

**A**n evil ray is permeating the universe, threatening to freeze the entire galaxy and make all mankind impotent. The only one who still has a bit of lead left in his pencil is Flash Gordon, which makes our hero very attractive to the highly sexed Cosmic Cheerleaders. The question is, can Flash take on the dreaded Master Butler and Emperor Wang, save humanity, and get his leg over at the same time? For the answer, tune in to **FLESH GORDON MEETS THE COSMIC CHEERLEADERS**, at a cinema near you very shortly...

The original **FLESH GORDON** started life as a \$15,000 porno movie shot in the early 70s by film student Howard Ziehm. Halfway through it was decided to drop the porno angle, take a more satirical approach, and inject more cash into the proceedings to buy some decent Jim Danforth/Dave Allen special effects. The resultant film was a wild spoof which took Alex Raymond's clean cut comic strip character and made him into a bit of a rake. Flash's spacecraft was shaped like a penis, and among the perils he and his

**Richard Marshall takes a trip down mammary lane and previews the long-awaited (by him, anyway) sequel to a legendary adult film parody...**

companions, Dr. Fleck Jerhoff and Dale Ardour, had to face were getting stranded in Lesbian Land and being attacked by raping robots and a monster penisauruss!

The film became a cult boxoffice hit, grossing somewhere in the region of \$70 million back when \$70 million was worth something! But rather surprisingly, nobody seemed interested in doing a sequel. "After the first picture came out, I was totally exhausted," explains director Ziehm, "and vowed that I'd never go through it all again. But then, after two years my mind returned, and so did my enthusiasm for the project. But then I found it difficult to get backing. The problem is that you mention the first film today, and people still say, 'Oh yes, the porno film.'" The problem even extends to

the casting agents, who operate under the same delusion. Of course we never planned to make the sequel as a porno movie. It was intended to make it as a raunchy, R-rated send-up. But the project has started and stopped so many times over the past fifteen years that I still can't believe we managed to finish it!"



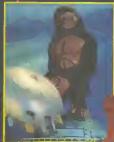
## FLESH GORDON MEETS THE COSMIC CHEERLEADERS

Back to the original with the original 'Flash Gordon'



"Lucky we remembered the anti-freeze!"

Whoever designed  
this ship made a  
boob.



'Wow! Look at those  
bodecious boobes!'

Forty main sets were constructed for the film, a massive undertaking which took a crew of thirty over four months and ate up most of the million dollar budget. Production designer Al Benjamin's brief was to create for the film a screen sci-fi presence somewhere between the simplistic, slightly dumb looking effects of the 1930s FLASH GORDON serials, and the pre-STAR WARS effects of the 60s sci-fi television series.

Jason Williams played Flash in the original, but he's lost his fresh-faced



The Comic Cheerleaders in action.



Weig makes a bold fashion statement.



Looks like rein.

appeal over the years and this time out the role has gone to 20-year-old Canadian kick boxing champion Vince Murdoch, who was chosen because the producers liked the look of him when he drove his girlfriend to audition for the film (the girl eventually got a part as one of the Comic Cheerleaders). For the role of Dale Ardar, the filmmakers picked beautiful Robyn Kelly, a ballet dancer who had never acted before - 'she had a nice smile, had personality, and projected a nice side which made her perfect for the part,' says

Zichem.

The main bad-girl role is taken care of by Morgan Fox, a strikingly attractive six-foot tall Canadian actress. She sticks out a mile as oversexed dominatrix, 'Robyns Hooters,' a part that at first gave her a few sleepless nights. 'I wasn't sure if I was cut out to play this kind of tough-talking woman,' says the 19-year-old actress, 'And I didn't want everyone to think I was doing a porno movie. Fortunately my parents backed me all the way.'

It's not a porno movie of course, but admirers of the original will be pleased to hear it does get pretty near to the mark at times. One of the sets is the inside of a huge spaceship owned by an astronaut with a breast fixation - so the entire ship is coloured and shaped like a breast, with controls that have mammary implications. Other sets include the fantasy land of the Mammary Mountains, the ice palace of Queen Frigid, the C spot Cafe, and Flesh's wild journey also takes him through the aptly-named asteroid belt where the unsavoury looking flying chunks emit noxious gases... 'You can take almost any part of the movie and there's something peculiar going on,' says Zichem. 'There is a Dominatrix Spider that is a gigantic, eight foot half woman and half spider who spins a huge web. There is a personality machine which changes people's personalities, and a Governor, into which people are thrown and eaten up. And of course the film contains, numerous space cities and many monsters of assorted colours and sizes, including a giant ape known, for reasons that will become obvious, as King Deeg!'

In conclusion, Zichem serves his picture up as, 'SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE meets STAR WARS. It's a parody in the ANIMAL HOUSE vein, with the kind of humour that will appeal to the college crowd. Where the old 1930s serials were unintentionally funny, we hope our film is INTENTIONALLY funny. In those old serials, the heroes were simple guys who went after the villain and eventually saved the day in the seventh reel. Flash is a hero in the same mould, only he has more trouble keeping his space suit on'



# INEMACABRE

The end of the world is nigh, and Stefan Jaworzyn has nothing better to do than watch Roger Corman movies...

## MIRACLE MILE

USA 1988

Scr/Dir: Steve D Jarnett

Starring: Anthony Edwards, Marc Wadsworth, John Agar, Lou Hirsch, Denise Crosby

Hamdale Releasing Corporation

Every so often there appears an unassuming movie to blow away the accumulated angst following months of viewing full, uninspired 'product'. If there's any justice *MIRACLE MILE* will join the small, elite circle of off-beat '80s classics (many of which have been previewed at Shock Around the Clock, naturally...). That it is no mind-blowing comes as no little surprise considering its history and Steve DeJarnett's antecedents: scripted in 1975, principal photography completed in 1987, the director's

only other feature being *CHEERY 2000*... Add to that the prospect of arch wing/punk Edwards in a starring role and the prognosis is less than healthy. But what we have here is a daring cinematic achievement and one of the finest independent pictures of the last decade.

It begins with Edwards' voice-over musing on true love and happiness, then takes time for a leisurely introduction to the characters, and almost one-third of its running time has passed before the shock scenario is established. After missing his dream date Edwards answers a public phone and hears the hysterical ranting of a missile mile employer who tells them that 'they've finally done it' and a rocket strike will hit LA in an hour. The caller is gassed down and a sinister voice tells him to



forget everything he's just heard. Edwards is left with just sixty minutes to decide if the call was genuine and what to do about it.

*MIRACLE MILE* never misjudges its pacing or narrative hooks - the tension mounts to unbearable levels as Edwards encounters a series of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, weird people and nightmarish situations. DeJarnett elicits superb performances from virtually every cast member (even John Agar!!) and deals with the ultimate horror in a sober, thoroughly convincing manner. The film is thankfully devoid of preaching or messages and is all the more effective for being so. Most of the terror here is from all-too-human nerves, though the main theme is as topical now as it would have been at the height of the Reagan/Thatcher/voguered Cold War. Indeed, at a time when Britain and USA still refuse to abandon their crude militarism *MIRACLE MILE* hits home with a frighteningly relevant paranoid.

" TERMINATOR FOR THE NINETIES " THE FACE

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**FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND**  
USA 1990

Dir: Roger Corman.

Starring: John Hurt, Bridget Fonda, Raul Julia, Kate Robett, Michael Hutchence, Jason Patric.

Blue Dolphin/Warner Bros.

It's difficult to remain objective about Roger Corman's 'triumphant' return to directing - it hardly seems twenty years since *VON RICHTOFEN AND BROWN*, does it? Well, judging from the look of *FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND*, old Reg's directorial flourishes are still firmly rooted in the mid-60s, and for all its \$9 million budget, this picture boasts a production design resembling 'golden age' Hammer and 'Poe-eres' Corman. Not that it's necessarily a bad thing - some of us would have been pretty disappointed if it had been otherwise.

Based on Brian Aldiss' 1973 novel, the film features Hurt as an inventor from the 21st Century who is sucked into a giant female sex organ in the sky (produced by his tampering with space and time) and is promptly whisked back to 1816. There he bumps into Baron Frankenstein (Raul Julia, who'll probably never work again) who is Up To No Good. The Baron has already created one Monster which

is busy tearing up the countryside (not to mention the local yokels, who are, unsurprisingly, revolting). Hurt also bumps into the much appealing Mary soon-to-be-Shelly, who says "Byron and Shelley preach free love, I practice it".

As the madly incoherent plot unfolds, the Monster rampages through towns, spilling guts and generally causing havoc (which includes butchering Kate Robett, Frankenstein's fiancée). Kate is turned into a female monster, Hurt talks to his computerised car a lot, and everyone is blown to bits, with Hurt and the Monster ultimately battling it out somewhere in the future in a fabulous plastic set.

With never a dull moment (well, hardly any) *FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND* makes up for its many failings by its full-throttle dementia, hammy acting, imbecilic script,



cheap gore effects and meaningless finale. There are classic Corman 'zoom' sequences edited in at random intervals, dodgy matte paintings that look like they date from *DEATH RACE 2000*, not to mention Hutchence and Patric miming around as Byron and Shelley...

What all this means is that it's top-notch Corman and that I give it my whole-hearted recommendation. Films like this are thin on the ground these days, so get to it!





# Dark Visions

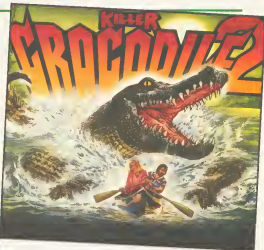
Killer crocodiles, teenage exorcists, and hundred-foot plants on the rampage. It's all in a day's work to our man in Milan, Martin Coxhead.

**M**ilan is believed to be the most expensive business city in the world. A short stay here can mean a hotel bill in the high hundreds, credit-card-punishing visits to restaurants for anything other than a slice of pizza, and cab fares limited only by your driver's imagination.

But nevertheless, every year the independent film and video companies of the world gather for a week in a claustrophobic conference centre called the Fiera for MIFED, the annual meeting of the indies where films are bought and sold for all territories of the world, be they as finished films, films in post-production, actual shooting, pre-production, existing only as scripts or - as has happened more than once - as pieces of artwork, usually by Casaro or Sciotti.

With over thirty screening rooms, The Fiera is well-suited to this sort of gathering, and the deals done here are for the movies you'll be watching in your local multiplex, or more probably on your VCR over the next two years. Literally millions are done in deals between British distributors and film companies of the world, but this year the companies were finding it harder and harder to find product for the UK. Labouring under diminishing video rentals, general declining audiences, heavy censorship, and the general lack of good product, there was a noticeable trend - Horror was out.

The past five to seven years at MIFED



have generally been horror festivals. The Italians would be there in force, with finished movies from Fulci (of whom, more later), Lenzi, Argento, Bava and

D'Amato, all of which would be pursued avidly by UK buyers. This year was different. Fabrizio de Angelis (producer of the Fulci classics of the early eighties) has set his sights on wider markets with action thrillers like THE LAST MATCH and CDP TARGET, although he is currently winding up KILLER CROCODILE 2, a sequel to his own very entertaining KILLER CROCODILE, directed by SFX doyen Gianetto De Rosa. At press time neither of these had been bought for the UK.

Italy's Penta Film were selling a new Dario Argento production, the Michele Soavi film THE SECT, with Kelly Lee Curtis and Herbert Lom. 'We find Britain a difficult market,' said a spokesman, finding no takers at the moment for the UK and still trying to sell the 1989 Argento/Soavi collaboration THE CHURCH.

To compound the dearth of product, Italy's usual prolific Variety Film, producers in the past of Joe D'Amato's KILLING

Zombie King Linto Fulci





BIRDS and SNAKES - DEEP BLOOD, as well as Bruno Mattei's ZOMBI 3, ROBOWAR and the underrated SHOCKING DARK, were only showing one movie. Carlos Aured's confused NIGHT KILLER with Jared Martin. After fifteen minutes of Martin alternately threatening and trying to seduce a woman who has attempted suicide - interact with seemingly unconnected footage of a warty alien caressing a dead body in a morgue - I gave up and went for an espresso.

The cheapies seem less in evidence than

black zombies on Haiti claim a few victims, giving a woman a boat hook in the eye and letting her scream and spurt for a minute or so before delivering a meat cleaver in the head complete with a squidge of brains. Any takers for the UK? Don't be silly.

Where Charles Band used to reign supreme with outrageous ads for movies which would never see the light of day (and any movies with blood and topless women in were considered hot British video property), 'smaller' movies are now



usual, deftly avoiding SORORITY GIRLS AND THE CREATURE FROM HELL, and Fred Olen Ray's SPIRITS with Erik Estrada as an exorcist (honest). Brian Yuzna seemed to be slumming it by directing SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT PART 4 with Maud Adams, and with a shudder we heard of TEENAGE EXORCIST starring and with a screenplay by Brinke Stevens...

Old style Italian blood 'n' gore was to be found with the promo reel for Umberto Lenzi's BLACK DEMONS, which appears to be a remake of ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS. The gore runs in torrents as the

order of the day. Everybody was trying to find the next SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE, with or without Rob Lowe...

It wasn't entirely doom, gloom and videotape. Some of the movies screened were remarkably good. Alas it was easier to list the failures.

The worst of a bad lot had to be XTRO II, a sequel which is absolutely nothing to do with the Harry Bromley Davenport original, except for the title detail that somehow he directs, possibly under the threat of violence. While the original had a lot of faults, this cynical sequel is connected in name only, being a terrible





ALIEN rip-off featuring scientists in an underground lab being menaced by a red-manipulated lump of latex about as menacing as a balloon on a stick. Although a Canadian production, it seems partly dubbed, and features the stalwart of the cheap film world in Jan-Michael Vincent. This is truly one of the tackiest and most misleading 'sequels' ever. Avoid it when it comes out on video from Imperial.

SYNGENOR, the long-delayed sequel to William Malone's SCARED TO DEATH, was a bizarre mixture of failed black comedy, H.R. Giger design rip-offs and poor writing, lifted only by a performance by RE-ANIMATOR star David Gale which makes Steven Berkoff at full-throttle look pumped full of Valium.

On the good side were STEPHEN KING'S GRAVEYARD SHIFT, which had the guy next to me squirming from the off; PUPPETMASTER II, nothing new in the script but good directorial touches from animator-turned-director David Allen; Savini's NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD which genuinely does not deserve the critical drubbing it has received; and the multi-million-Yen and very silly GODZILLA VS. BIOLLANTE, in which the green scaly one fights a hundred-foot high plant, created by fusing Godzilla cells with the cells of a rose bush which harbours the soul of a scientist's murdered daughter. Get all that?

THE BLUESTONE was a something-is-loose-in-the-city movie, but with an enjoyably witty slant. Traditional clichés such as bringing the police in have clever twists - 250 cops are effortlessly wiped out at one stakeout! - and since the denouement features an eternal monster against a genuine Deity (played by DIE HARD's Alexander Godenov) one can't complain that the movie lacks ambition.

Winners for British video were Beaverworld, who signed two of the best with ALLIGATOR II - THE MUTATION and SCANNERS II - THE NEW ORDER. The first is a very entertaining re-run of the croc story, with good performances from Joseph Bologna as a tough cop and Richard Lynch as good ol' down South 'gator hunter. The rnege reptile is better

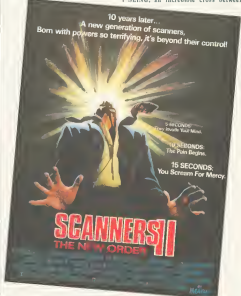


too this time in this Jon Hess-directed flick. Christian Duguay's SCANNERS II is genuinely better than anyone could have expected, expanding the Scanners story credibly through a strong screenplay by B. J. Nelson. Here the Scanners are being hunted and used by a corrupt police chief (Evan Poston) for political ends. Added to a drug called EPH-2, the Scanners slowly die through use of it, ending up looking rather like AIDS sufferers. Poston



wants one particular Scanner, David Kellum (David Hewlett) to join him, but David discovers Poston's aims and tries to stop him. The above synopsis doesn't do the screenplay justice, and Duguay avoids the urge to over-do the FX, limiting them to a couple of gruesome scenes, one of which - a brain being squeezed through the back of a man's head - will probably be trimmed for the UK.

Truly extraordinary was SINGAPORE SLING, an incredible cross between





ERASERHEAD, Laura and the cult camp hit THUNDERCRACK. The plot, visuals and atmosphere are impossible to describe, but suffice it to say that on the surface it's about a wounded private detective who falls into the clutches of incestuous mother-and-daughter serial killers. That's the first 3 of 109 minutes... A Greek production, mostly in English, and shot in black-and-white, SINGAPORE SLING is one of the few films of the past fifteen years one can say is truly disturbing. It stays with you. Expect to hear a lot more about it when it plays the Scala later in the year.

Although it was great to see him back, Lucio Fulci's DEMONIA, was severely hampered by an obviously rock-bottom budget and limited locations in Sicily. The gore was there, such as a man ripped in half between two trees (a-la CUT AND RUN), and a butcher having his tongue nailed to his own chopping block and a woman having her eyes gouged out by her cats. Alas only the last of these FX works, the first using one of the most obvious and badly-coloured latex appliances ever to see the light of the projector bulb. No surprise that one of the FX crew is the aptly-named Ello Terribili...

Luckily Fulci's other projects for Wind Film seemed more encouraging. Just completed is VOICES FROM BEYOND, a Giallo thriller with Duilio Del prete concerning a rich family who are all suspected of murder when the elderly patriarch dies of a massive haemorrhage. The young daughter (Karinax Huff) is understandably alarmed when her putrefying father's spirit appears and tells her to find his murderer. From the footage shown it has far higher production values than DEMONIA.

Currently in production is NIGHTMARE CONCERT, a horror movie also known under the wonderful title, THE CAT IN YOUR BRAIN, while in the future for Wind Film is the family flick WHITE FANG IN NEW YORK, a follow-up to WHITE FANG of the early Seventies.

Most of the rest of the preproduction news concerned sequels. Follow-ups were touted to movies which had trouble finding an audience for the original! In addition



to HELLRAISER III - HELL ON EARTH, Trans-atlantic Pictures were announcing CHILDREN OF THE CORN II, while New Line were firm that NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET PART 6 - FREDDY'S DEAD would actually be the end of the franchise, complete with the final twenty minutes in 3D.

August Entertainment were showing the promo reel for (I promise you) HOWLING IV - THE FREARS, which I doubt refers to cast members Brendan Hughes, Carol Lynley and Antonio Fargas, while Image Organisation were at pains to inform us on Wednesday 24th that photography had started on SCANNERS III - THE TAKEOVER, again written by B. J. Nelson and directed by Christian Duguay.



Production Line, the co-venture of Britain's Medusa Communications and Wild Street Pictures, responsible for SOCIETY and NIGHTWISH among others, announced MANIAC COP 3, but with no confirmation of crew or cast, and a new version of THE INVISIBLE MAN, to be directed by Brian Yuzna from a story by George R. R. Martin. Amazingly, pre-sales were being offered on THE WILLIES II, by a sales company who can only be called *ambitious*.

For the horror market, MIFED 1990, was not good, with fewer entries there than ever before, but as all the industry seemed to agree, it would only take another real hit, another Freddy or a HALLOWEEN, to get the whole thing going again. We'll see in a year's time.



David Michael Bryan in association with Eddie Murphy present

# BLACK SUNDAY



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Valentine's Day approaches, and if you lose your heart, just make sure it isn't to Baron Frankenstein. Now read on as our spooky sage Hadria Hemlock reveals what fears February has in store...



# HorrorScope



## CAPRICORN 22nd Dec - 20th Jan

This month you'll find yourself being cast of your own attention in a highly elaborate and involved manner. Some elaborate shenanigans will take place, and you could be instrumental in a Valentine's Day romance by prying friends and neighbours together.



## AQUARIUS 21st Jan - 18th Feb

Your money situation improves dramatically this month and Mike seems to mend everything you do. The full moon on the 21st will shine down on your romantic escapades, but it may also illuminate a dark secret from your past.



## PISCES 19th Feb - 20th Mar

This month brings more than its fair share of trouble and anxiety, but not on the financial front where you will find unexpected riches coming your way. Romantic aspects are less favourable. A partner could be acting in an unpredictable fashion.



## ARIES 21st Mar - 21st April

A month for changing the horizon, or perhaps, sending yourself up into the roof during a lightning storm and acting like Aster Proke. Friends will recognise you around the 19th, and you'll have new ideas and experiences creeping daily through your turbulent brain. Be careful of your health during the full moon on the 21st - this happens from nowhere.



## Taurus 22nd April - 21st May

Friendship could turn to love this month - most Frankenstein had a bride, you know! A tiny time in its orbit, full of unexpected pleasures and discomfort. Peter's pastimes will soon be quite the same again, and even the 21st and 22nd among you might start thinking about a total separation.



## GEMINI 22nd May - 21st June

The terrible twins are likely to be confused, headbutted, and for once have this month. Money and career matters are under control, but there could be heart-rending moments on Valentine's Day. The latter part of the month will find you chasing after wild scenarios - just be careful to leave a trail of heartbreaks as you see your way back afterwards.



## CANCER 22nd June - 22nd July

Remembrance is in the air for the Cans, but don't play Russian Roulette with the contents of garbans or other friends. Don't arrange anything important for the full moon on the 21st, because you will be tormented and miserable.



## LEO 23rd July - 23rd Aug

You won't be a friendly lion in the first half of the month, but things should look up after the 19th, when you'll have a meeting time of it with an old friend. Don't get into arguments on the 21st - particularly if the person you are arguing with is also just tall and carrying a chainsaw!



## VIRGO 24th Aug - 23rd Sept

A long lost friend could turn up this month, bringing some surprising news. You will feel extremely confused on the 25th, like the Thompsons present who was given the choice of two shows and told to take his pick! Try and stay away from the latter end of the month - it's where the heart is!



## LIBRA 24th Sept - 23rd Oct

The outlook is good, with lots of socialising and an unexpected new relationship on the horizon. Don't be too demanding after the 22nd though, or it could all turn as sour as Dave cooking a lemon. On the other hand (the one with six fingers) don't let anybody make a mockery out of you - unless your name is King Kong.



## SCORPIO 24th Oct - 22nd Nov

This year brings you a scary shogun a Valentine's Day you will never forget. You should seriously start thinking about a change of scenery, but from the 21st you will become more interested and a bit down in the dumps. Don't fight with friends on the 21st. You will probably win, but there is always the problem of disposing of the corpse afterwards.



## SAGITTARIUS 23rd Nov - 21st Dec

Friends and relatives descend on you in winter this month, bringing more work than one pair of busy hands can handle. If you're lucky you could lose to expect an unwanted boyfriend! Don't take any decisions about a change of image just yet - whoever heard of a couple in a double pick ups anyway?



## COMING NEXT MONTH!



March was never a favourite month with Julius Caesar, but the only thing YOU'VE got

to beware of is missing out on the macabre March issue of THE DARK SIDE, a magazine about which no less an authority than Clive Barker has said, 'I wouldn't wrap my chips in anything else!' Yes, you

asked for it, and we've really gone overboard this time to bring you a scary smorgasbord (look it up) of terror treats, kicking off with an eerie excursion into the nightmare universe of horror roleplaying, where playtime usually means slaytime! Then we dare you to climb JACOB'S LADDER with haunted Vietnam veteran Tim Robbins, and to MEET THE APPLÉGATES, a family of cockroaches in human form, who are the stars of a unique new black comedy from Michael (HEATHERS) Lehman. We will also be bringing you an exclusive picture preview of Stuart (RE-ANIMATOR) Gordon's long-awaited big-budget version of Poe's PIT AND PENDULUM (which is bound to be a swinging affair), and the final part of our OPPORTUNITY SHOCKS feature, which will contain details of how you can win a top-range Hitachi camcorder and have your own macabre movie masterpiece screened at the prestigious 'Shock Around The Clock' festival. That's not all, but you'll have to be at your local groe-sagant on February 22nd to find out the rest - we wouldn't want to have to come looking for you!



Key to the ratings:  
 \*\*\*\* - excellent  
 \*\*\* - good  
 \*\* - mediocre  
 \* - poor

# VIDEO VAULT

The door to the video vault cracks open. The Dark Side tunes in to the latest in TV terror.



**MIRROR MIRROR**  
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This surprisingly stylish supernatural thriller joins a select bunch of celluloid shockers (DEAD OF NIGHT, FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE etc.) that exploit the eerie power of mirrors to do more than just reflect images of our world. After a grisly murder scene in the opening titles, which takes place in front of a weird-looking full-length mirror, the storyline begins properly with Beverly Hills eccentric Mrs. Gordon (Karen Black) and her daughter Megan (played by somebody named Rainbow Harvest) moving into the old Weatherworth house, a place shrouded in rumors of witchcraft and human sacrifice.

A Mirana Rydenesque punkette, Megan sticks out like a sore thumb at her new high

school - the other girls all look like Charlie's Angels wannabees, while she would be more at home in the Addams Family. Dismissed at the way she is being treated by her fellow pupils, Megan retreats into a fantasy world, adding out her secret desires in front of the mirror, which has sinister magical properties that enable it to grant her innermost wishes. So, when a classroom enemy starts laughing at her in the cafeteria, the girl suddenly succumbs to a major-league nosebleed, and a teacher who criticizes her work immediately suffers a pulverizing heart attack. But every wish Megan requests makes the evil in the mirror grow stronger. It eventually becomes uncontrollable, and something on the other side breaks through into our world with terrifying consequences.

There's a strong feminine influence at work here. All the major roles are female, and so is the director, Martina Sargenti, who generally does a good job of handling the shock scenes and keeping the clichés to a minimum. The high school sequences have a bright CARRIE-type feel to them (indeed the film has many parallels to De Palma's pic - the oddball heroine living with an eccentric mum, etc.) It also makes particularly effective use of sound to pump up the scare value, (though this won't be so noticeable if you don't own a Hi-Fi stereo video.) Though a little slow going at times, and lumbered with too

ricky an ending, this macabre mirror movie is definitely worth looking into.

**Certificate 16, Running Time: 86 minutes.**

**R.T.**

## GHOULES GO TO COLLEGE

Vestron Video

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In my book, any film that opens a starring role to Kevin McCarthy can't be ALL bad. But this little outing for those rubbery little toilet-bowl demons, the Ghoules, comes pretty close. It's packed with all sorts of those yawningly-familiar Animal House type American colleges, and the real fatalities of the Ghoules end



the Benos are out to see who can pull the most outrageous pranks - dropping Tom To Be Reunited signs on people's backs, clucking water bombs etc.

All of this is a little too much for Dean of Students, McCarthy, who like the audience is fed up to the back teeth with party stunts and excessive product placement for Miller Beer. But he gets the chance to get his own back on the mischievous students when he discovers a comic book called 'Ghoulish Tales' and reads aloud the mystic incantations that summon forth the Ghoules, a trio of puppet heads with a fondness for pizza, beer, and bodacious babes. The Ghoules must now obey McCarthy's wishes, setting out to cause havoc on the campus with their own unique brand of demonic jokers.

This includes drinking their way through a mountain of Miller (2001 cans, to be exact), bopping, farting, playing loud rock music and generally behaving just like the other students. As haphazardly written and directed by makeup wizard John Carl Buechler (who also directed FRIDAY THE 13TH PART VI and SLEEPING CAR), the movie features lots of lowbrow costumed-in-the-face type humour, some fetching nudity, routine special effects and a low body count. Down the pan with it.

**Certificate 15, Running Time: 86 minutes.**

**R.M.**

TRY NOT TO STARE. MIRRORS NEVER LIE.



**MIRROR MIRROR**

SGE Home Video

1988



## WITCH STORY Medusa Home Video

The only way in which bad Italian horror movies differ from bad American horror movies is that most of the former seem to be made in widescreen, giving them a more stylish letterbox frame in which to exhibit their second-hand frights. It's interesting to note the makers' misguided optimism that their shock efforts might actually be shown in cinemas before making a quick exit to the video shelves. But there's little chance if they are as die as this spineless supernatural chiller from the remarkably named Alessandra Capone.

The movie kicks off with that rusty old standby of spaghetti shock, a witch being gruesomely burned at the stake by a posse of superstitious villagers. It turns out in this case that the villagers have every right to move bonfire night forward, because the devilish Deanna Lund (yes, the same gal who got LOST IN SPACE) is in the process of corrupting a sweet little blonde-haired local child by reading her blasphemous quotations from the satanic equivalent of the *Jane and John* series. Before she can get to the Salman Rushdie paperback edition she goes up in flames – cursing everyone and his brother-in-law – marshmallows anybody?

The narrative then flashes forward sixty years to present-day Florida and we join yes,



you guessed it, the usual bunch of air-headed teens who are out to take a bargain weekend break on the site of the witch's execution. (I expect Disney World was fully booked.) Instead of a tour guide, a vision of a priest appar on the coach, his eyes running with blood, and tells them to stay away from the house of Satan! This is laughed off by the kids, who have never seen a slice 'n' dice movie in their life and happily get on with the vital business of consuming large quantities of beer and bawling each other silly (not a great physical effort in most cases).

Of course, before long the ghost of the little blonde-haired girl appears, and the kids get taken over by supernatural forces that cause them to see about each other with axes, carving knives and, in the film's most hilarious scene, a chainsaw that works underwater. The survivors call on wild-eyed priest Ian Bonnen and tell him "Our friends are being killed by unnatural things" but Bonnen is powerless to help – he's been thrown out of the church for possessing the mestizo holotype in ecclesiastical history.

Apart from Bonnen's coiffure this is all depressingly predictable, mixing traditional spaghetti drama images of ghastly children (as used in *Bava's CURSE OF THE DEVIL*, *Fulas HOUSE OF THE CEMETERY* etc) with lots of unconvincing FRIDAY THE 13TH type mayhem. As with all the worst stalk and slash efforts you can't tell the characters apart because they all sport the same morose type of dialogue, and do the most ridiculous things to keep the body count rising – "We've got to stay cool," says the last surviving male to the last surviving female. "You stay here and I'm going to go and get some help." There's even a Halloween night, it's-all-a-dream-an-is-it code. Ah, well, heehee for cutes.

**Certificate 16.** Running Time: 90 minutes.  
A.3.

## THE PUNISHER 20-20 vision

Time was when comic book movies were only for kids, but this lively screen adaptation of the adventures of a popular Marvel comics character earns itself an 18 certificate with non-stop graphic mayhem from start to finish. Fresh from his acting triumph in *DARK ANGEL*, 31g Dolph Lundgren puts on his meanest expression to play Frank Castle, a cop believed to have been killed along with his entire family by a Mafia bomb. Instead he survived to make his home in a sparsely-decorated sewer, from which he emerges at regular intervals to slaughter gangsters wholesale in the guise of The Punisher.

While most comic heroes abide by a code that prevents them from taking life, Big Dolph violates this commandment in an enthusiastic fashion that makes Charles Bronson's antics in *DEATH WISH* look positively subdued by comparison. He ups and on an armoured motorbike spraying the baddies with hot lead from a hemorrhagic machine-gun that you and I would need a fork lift to raise to shoulder-level, and decimating their numbers to such an extent that they are ripe for a takeover by that finger-sliding organisation of Japanese gang-

sters, the Yakuza. Flouting the takeover bid is the cool and deadly Lady Tanaka (Kim Myung), an implacable female *Fu Manchu* type who's a dead shot with her razor-sharp earrings. At first The Punisher is quite content to let the rival crime factions wipe each other out. Then he hears that Lady Tanaka has kidnapped the children of some murdered Mafia dons and intends to sell them all to slavery – a truly despicable act that encourages our hero to join forces with crime lord Jeron Krabbe to launch an assault on Tanaka's skyscraper headquarters.

Shot in Australia (though you'd never guess it) this movie is nastily effective throughout, and directed at a rating dip by Mark Goldblatt, previously the editor of *THE TERMINATION* and director of *DEAD HEAT*. Dolph does very well when he's rushing around pushing up the body count, rather less so when he's attempting to hold his own in the acting stakes against such professionals as Jeron Krabbe and the magnificent Kim Myung. In the end of course it's the stunt men who deserve the biggest round of applause, but as comic book movies go this is definitely one of the best of it kind.

**Certificate 18.** Running Time: 66 minutes.

A.3.







## DYING TIME Big Pictures

California, 1953, and a fresh-faced youngster asks, Dad, why are we doing this? as he helps his father bury alive a pretty college co-ed. 'Because Satan commands us to,' explains Pop with a philosophical grin. The message has home. We flash forward 20 years and the youngster has grown up into an even more demystified serial killer than his old man. His madus operandi is to kidnap sexy co-eds, muffle some satanic mumbo-jumbo while they are strapped to a sacrificial altar and finally seal them up in steel-walled coffins with a limited supply of oxygen so they can suffer a bit before they expire. 'What the hell, a guys gotta have SOME hobbies.'

Fortunately dad has had the foresight to purchase his own cemetery, so the police haven't got a clue where to start digging. But har on the killer's real life. New York Federal Agent Ted Bunker (Jimmy Smits), an old enemy who is seeking revenge because the psycho killed his partner in a shootout. When the maniac begins stalking the campus of a Los Angeles university, Bunker is called in to work alongside Susan Price (Deborah Downey), the head of L.A. homicide. At first the two of them don't hit it off, but five minutes later they fall into bed together - it's something to do with the climate. Then Susan is kidnapped, and knowing she too has been buried alive, Bunker finds himself in a race against time to solve the case.

It's interesting to note the similarity between the name of the hero and that of Ted Bundy, the infamous serial killer on whose exploits this could partly have been based. Otherwise this indifferently acted psychomiller (with echoes of William Castle's *HACABRIL*) blows its effectiveness mostly on a repetitive, megalomaniac script full of clumsy dialogue and dumb plot twists. After a pity party it quickly degenerates into a routine series of blood-spattered shoot-outs in which the killer exhibits

HALLOWEEN type powers of survival. The stupid, unsatisfying ending leaves room for a sequel but frankly this is one concept that would be better left buried.

**Certificate 18. Running Time: 90 minutes. N.T.**

## ALIENATOR Prism Video

\*\*\*  
When a movie can only afford to hire Jan Michael Vincent for ten minutes of its running time you know it has got to be a REAL cheapie. And when the name Fred Olen Ray can be found on the credits as well - run for cover! This naff but amiable no-budgeter kicks off with a splash of hokey music, stock shots of some Altit spacecraft trundling about on wires, and a hilarious scene in which a grim-faced Jan Michael (playing the tough commandant of a space station prison) vents his spleen on master criminal Kol (Ross Hagen), snarling, 'Vapourisation's too good for you' - leaving one to ponder what the alternative could be: being condemned to watch endless re-runs of *AIR-WOLF*, maybe. \*

But Kol's not planning on sticking around to find out. Scooping up some rubbery flesh-eating cockroaches from the floor of his cell, he places them on a guard's face, steals an Altit shuttle and blasts off for Earth. Once there, he tries to bleed into the studio scenery, but, forgetting his interplanetary green cross code, he gets knocked down on the road by a bunch of pouting, beer-swilling teens. They take him to a remote cabin to be nursed back to health unaware that it's the script that really needs a trip to intensive care. In the meantime Jan Michael Vincent - ostracized as being out of the main body of the movie - has dispatched an indestructible, ruthless android called The Alienator to terminate Kol at any cost. Played by a female bodybuilder named Teagan, this burly amazon looks

like she could crack walnuts with her thighs. Instead, she slides around blasting all and sundry with a death ray that causes them to glow green and then vanish. 'We must survive,' says one of the heroic teens. 'The fate of the entire world may depend upon us keeping our heads.'

I keep hoping that someday Fred Olen Ray will surprise us all and make a half decent movie. But the sad truth of the matter is that Fred doesn't want to. He seems happier to go down in posterity as the Ed Wood of the 80s and 90s. Like Wood, his art seems to consist of getting together the usual enourage of down-in-the-luck 'guest stars' -

his job and his wife (an excellent performance by Sharon Stone whose previous roles have left her competing with Tanya Roberts for the Oh no not her again award). But all is not as it seems, and Doug is plagued with dreams of Mars which appear to be *deja vu*. When he receives a video message from himself things start to go seriously wrong, and a series of incredible plot twists serve to torture poor old Annie's brain with some vicious mind-games.

Based on a short story by the great science fiction writer Philip K. Dick who had a knack for plunging hapless average guy geeks into nightmarish situations,



in this case P.J. Soles (of *HALLOWEEN*) Robert (COUNT YORGA) Quarry Robert (THE IDEOLOGICAL DEMON) Clarke, Down Wilmuth (Fred's ex-wife) and John Phillip Law (who has never managed to live down playing an angel in *BARBARELLA*) - and shoe-horning them into a 'space' script that can be shot in a weekend. Future film historians and Channel 4 programmers will probably call the man a genius.

**Certificate 18. Running Time: 80 minutes. R.M.**

## TOTAL RECALL Guild Home Video

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I can't imagine there are any DARK SIDE readers who missed this on its theatrical run, but just in case there are, well now's the time for you to make a date with what must be the most violent major studio movie to grace our screens in years. Anne plays an average guy (I) called Doug Quaid who lives in harmony with

TOTAL RECALL excels in both the special effects and body count departments, with an endless stream of extras being mangled, murdered, mutilated or blown up real good. If there are any complaints about it, it's that there is possibly too much action - the narrative effectively ends about halfway in, and while what follows is stylistically incredible, it's slightly lacking in substance. Fans of *ROBOCOP* or *FLESH AND BLOOD* will find much in the way of director Paul Verhoeven's traditional lack of regard for human life to revel in. But there are times when Verhoeven's presence (which usually permeates his films) is conspicuous by its absence. When they mesh together Dick's bizarre fiction and Verhoeven's less-than-philanthropic world view make ideal bed-fellows, when they don't, you can get by on the excessive violence, but occasionally you might find yourself wishing there'd been a bit more Dick in this movie. Still, a must see item under any circumstances.

**Certificate 18. Running Time: 109 minutes. S.I.**



# VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Episode Guide by Jon Abbott

**Voyage to the bottom Of The Sea** was the first of Allen's SF TV series and also the longest running and most commercially successful. Paradoxically, it's also been the least seen since its original airing.



For many years it was believed that there was no audience for (a) SF, (b) Irwin Allen shows, and (c) old TV. But Sky and Channel Four's success with the Allen shows have forced broadcasters to reconsider. As I write, Channel Four are coming to the end of their run of *Land Of The Giants*. Sky are about to re-broadcast *Lost In Space*, and C4 have picked up the *Time Tunnel* for future site when TV have finished their late-night regional reruns. Not bad for shows which were thought to have no audience any more!

Now Channel Four have taken the plunge. If you'll pardon the pun, and panned up for all four seasons of *Voyage*. With the exception of a handful of colour episodes which turned up in very strange time-slots on TV at the beginning of the 80s, *Voyage* hasn't been seen since the early 1970s, with the first season - filmed in black and white - unseen since their original broadcast in the 1960s. For *Voyage*, then, this is something of a long-awaited treat - and for the uninitiated, there are some items of interest on display. Including episodes directed by Outer Limits personnel, the infamous *Hudson* 51st episode, and guest stars including Robert Duvall, Leslie Nielsen, Ed Asner, Carroll O'Connor, James Doohan and *Diversion* Richard Carlson. *Voyage* is pencilled in to take the Sunday afternoon slot when *Land Of The Giants* finishes, so it's probably as new as air now, and almost certainly from the 86/87 first season. There are 100 episodes of *Voyage*, and so I'm not exactly writing for my brevity (hell, if we're gonna do an episode guide, let's do it right!) we've decided to do each season separately, as and when appropriate. That way no boring checklist just as much detail as we can dig up.

## Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea

(feature film, 1955)  
105 minutes, w/ Charles Dennis, Irwin Allen, Dr Irwin Allen, with Walter Pidgeon (as Nelson), Robert

Sterling (as Crane), Joan Fontaine, Peter Law, Michael Ansara, Barbara Eden, Henry Denzell, Regis Toomey, Frankie Avalon, Del Monroe. Admiral Nelson defies official pressure from the world's scientists to use his atomic powered research subma-

rine, the Seaview, to avert the end of the world, but - setting precedents for the subsequent 1964-68 TV series - is hampered by undersea menaces and the presence of an unidentified enemy agent among the guests on board.



Richard Beneshay & David Newson

## Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea

(TV series)  
regular cast: Richard Beneshay (as Nelson), David (AJ) Healdon (as Crane), Henry Kulley (first season only), Terry Denzell (second season on), Robert Duvall, Del Monroe, Paul Trinka, Arth Whittin, Nigel McKend (first season only), Mark Thiele (first season only), Allan Hale (second season on), Richard Dull, Wayne Hefley (ship's doctor).

## Eleven Days To Zero

w/ Dr Irwin Allen.  
Footage from the feature film is employed, as the Seaview is enacted a similar scenario, with Nelson trying to avert a nuclear disaster while a "foreign power" attempts to close one. Unidentified Twentieth powers were an integral part of 1960s TV show villainy, the *Lost In Space* pilot featured some. This episode introduces Captain Crane to the Seaview when the first captain is killed by agents of villain Dr. Gornio. If you want to be picky about it, that means that the eerily accurate episode precedes the feature film. With Eddie Allen, Theo Marcuse, John Zewombo, Bill Hutton. Shortly after this episode Eddie Allen appeared in the *Outer Limits* story *City of Silence*, ironically. The *Outer Limits* was cancelled partly because *Voyage* had lapsed it from its sale slot. Theo Marcuse appeared in many notable 1960s SF series including *The Landers*, for *The Invaders* and *"Compass"* for *Star Trek*, as well as a couple of *Twilight Zone*. John Zewombo, a reserve feature veteran, went on to play a regular role in Allen's *Time Tunnel* series.

## The City Beneath The Sea

w/ Richard Beneshay, Dr John Dehn, with Hurd Hatfield, Linda Glass, John Anderson.  
A rescue hunt turns sour when Captain Crane encounters an underwater city whose inhabitants have designs



**The Sky Is Falling**

on the surface world. Linda Cristel would later star in the High Chaparral as would first season crew member Mark Sleser. John Anderson played the Ebonite in *Outer Limits* Nightmire.

## The Fear Makers

W/ Anthony Wilson. D/ Leonard Horn. W/ Edgar Bergen. Lloyd Sachner. A unique nerve gas that induces growing panic in its victims is employed by an enemy agent to sabotage the Secretary's negotiations. Lloyd Sachner, a regular TV host, starred in the legendary Twilight Zone episode "To Serve Man" (as well as the see-it-to-believe-it Experiments in Terror, a leary Bonanza Galactica yarn). Edgar Bergen's daughter is Candice Bergen, currently starring in the mawkish all-conquering Brown. Tony Wilson went on to write the pilot for *The Invaders* and contributed to the creation of *Lost In Space* and *Land Of The Giants*. Leonard Horn directed superior episodes of *The Outer Limits* and *Lost In Space*, as well as the splendid 1975 pilot film for the Wonder Woman TV series.

## The Mist Of Silence

W/ John McGreevey. D/ Leonard Horn. W/ Alejandro Rey, Mike Kadin, Rio Gynn, Renny Del Duco, Edward Colman, Doug Lambert, Beeth Colman Nelson and members of his crew are abducted and threatened with execution during a Latin American uprising.

## The Price Of Doom

W/ Harlan Ellison. D/ James Goldstone. W/ Bill Beland, David Ogdenzoo, John Hillard, Steve Busc, Pat Rietz, Don Seymour. Legendary *Freakin'* in which a ludicrous mixed race, the pilot resulted in Ellison allegedly running down a businessman liable to take a swing at a network executive and deliberately stamping a laughable pen name on the credits for revenge.

An unidentified enemy agent sabotages a scientific expedition. Bill Beland appeared in the *Star Trek* episode "The Side Of Paradise" and a number of *Alfonso* from *UNCLE* episodes. David Ogdenzoo has narrated TV series in his credits including *A Taste Of Amegeddon* for *Star Trek: Region Of Terror*, *For New Teller* and *The Alexander*. The *Greenest Alien* (*One Say Too Many*) for *The Man From UNCLE*.

## The Sky Is Falling

W/ Ben Brinkley. D/ Leonard Horn. W/ Charles McGraw, Joseph Di Reda, Frank Ferguson. The Secretary is attacked by an energy-draining spaceship (TNT appears to be a popular site of the Alien factory. It was used again for a *Lost In Space* episode and he came to pass a *Time Tunnel* story is titled "The Day The Sky Fell Down").

## Turn Back The Clock

W/ Sheldon Harn. D/ Alan Cristel. W/ Rick Adams, Frances Craig, Vince Macos, Les Tremayne, Robert Conville. The first pilot series star David Hedraan had also appeared in Allen's 1960 film *The Last World* enabled an inspired use of stock footage to bolster his television show budget. The Allen version of *The Last World* is in my view very unfairly lambasted in numerous source books. It's a solid-looking good adventure jam made by many of the same people as the *Voyage* feature film. Allen's *Last World* boards are the id of world's equivalent to Hitchcock's walk-on cameos - they turn up at least once in every single SF show Allen ever produced! Here, with some device involving the Secretary encounters a prehistoric world deep under the sea. According to a number of sources, the limited use of repeated and familiar footage, the first time Allen ever played arse in his TV series, provided a number of angry complaints to the network. Despite this, such complaints don't seem to have de-

terred him—Allen never made or shot anything if it already existed in props, wardrobe, or the Fox film library, and even commissioned right-hand man William Walsh to produce whole cost-cutting episodes around standing sets and props. The ultimate example of this must surely have been *The Time Tunnel*. Some people hate this position—I enjoy figuring out where I've seen stuff before!

## The Village Of Guilt

W/ Gene Gler. D/ Irvin Allen. Richard Carlson (*The Magnetic Monster* in *Come From Outer Space*, *Creature From The Black Lagoon*, *Earth Vs. The Flying Saucers*) guests as a scientist who menaces a coastal community with a giant squid under his control. The squid also appeared in the feature film original. Allen directed all his pilot films, but this was the only occasion he helmed a series episode. Other cast: Ann-Lisa, Steven Berry, Frank Richards, G. Stanley Jones.

## Hot Line

W/ Gene Gler. D/ John Bravin. W/ Michael Ansara, Everett Sloan. Two Russian scientists and the Secretary in owning a political conspiracy when a Soviet satellite malfunctioned and threatens to fall on America. But one of them is a phony. Michael Ansara appeared in the *Voyage* feature film with his then-wife, I Dream Of Jeannie, and *Barbarella* films. He played an evil clone in that series, also guesting on all the Allen series as well as *Star Trek* and *The Outer Limits*.

## Submarine Sunk Here

W/ William Tumburg. D/ Leonard Horn.



**Submarine Sunk Here**

W/ Carl Reinzel, Eddie Ryder, Robert Gayle. A guilt-stricken seaman whose consciousness on duty endangers lives attempts to right his wrongs when the Secretary dies in a minefield.

## The Magnus Beam

W/ Alan Caillou. D/ Leonard Horn. W/ Alan Caillou, Lemuel Masoch, Thorne, Jacques Aubuchon, Mario Alkalde. A lonely despair has a powerful magnetic beam that the Secretary must never lose. Masoch (Rien's) numerous literary credits include *Commodore*, *Harold*, *The Hesperides*, for *Star Trek*, *Macmillan* in "The Death Merchant" for *The Time Tunnel* and *Fake Fake* in *Borman* in "The Trial Of Ouse".

*Spore* for *Lost In Space*. Alan Caillou was a regular writer for *The Man From UNCLE*.

## No Way Out

W/ Robert Hammer. D/ Felix Falar. W/ Donn Wyman, Oscar Beregi, Donatella De Wier, Jan Martin, Don Wilber, Richard Webb. A defuncting Russian agent is caught by his former master, played the Secretary.



**Village of Guilt**

## The Blizzard Makers

W/ William Welch. D/ Joseph Laynes. W/ Walter Kemper, Milton Selzer. It's snowing in Florida and a mad scientist working for one of those "foreign powers" is to blame. Walter Kemper also guested in *Lost In Space* and *The Man From UNCLE*, but he's best known for Colonel Klink in the sitcom *Hogan's Heroes*.

## The Ghost Of Moby Dick

W/ Robert Hammer. D/ Sabey Martin. W/ June Lockton. D/ Shira Dob. Gershon. A distraught wife tries to prevent vengeance husband Dr. Joyce (himself, definitely a name suggesting a dark side, that) from pursuing a glow-whale that clapped him. As a result of this guest appearance, June Lockton became the first person cast for Allen's next TV series just making preparation: *Lost In Space*. Ed Davis got himself into deep waters yet again in the excellent 1970's detective thriller *Night Moves*.

## Long Live The King

W/ Raphael Hayes. D/ Lalo Benecise. W/ Carroll O'Connor, Michael Peat, Michael Pore, Sara Shane, Jan Aron. A young prince is under the protection of the Secretary so that he can ascend to power before an anti-US faction takes power. (Actually it says "the Reds have taken") Carroll O'Connor, who had a splendid dual role in "The Last Patrol" a *Time Tunnel* story, is best known today as the head of *All in the Family* or *In the Heat Of The Night*, but it is so well known that he was originally the first choice as Dr. Smith in *Lost In Space*. Carroll Michael Pore also appeared with O'Connor in his *Time Tunnel* episode.

## Hail To The Chief

W/ Ben Brinkley. D/ Gerald O'Neil. W/ Wycoff Lillians, Nancy Kovack, Tim Palmer, Lawrence Kent, James Doohan.

An enemy agent is substituted for a suspect aboard the *Seaview* when the President is critically injured. (You'll have noticed by now that security is pretty lax in the futuristic mid '70's!) Henry Kavvack also guested on *Star Trek* and *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* James Doohan (*Star Trek's* Scotty of course) also guested on *The Outer Limits* and *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* ("The Expanding Human" and "The Bridge Of Lions At All" aka "One Of Our Spies Is Missing") and was also up for the role of Chief Starbuck in the second season of *Voyager* before getting *Star Trek* instead. Will Geed (*Galaxy's Voyage*

*Safety Matrix*) Robert Davul makes the first of two appearances in Allen Shaw's later featured in the inevitable 3-gens "Chase Through Time" for *The Time Tunnel* as an alien being released from suspended animatronic with plans for dominating Earth with his fellow alien. Davul also starred in "The Inheritors" and "The Chameleon" for *The Outer Limits*.

## The Indestructible Man

wr. Richard Lando, dir. Felix Fel



### That sinking feeling

be as great as his *Outer Limits* or as bad as his *Star Trek*? Well, *Chameleon* first reshines these episodes for the first time since the 1960's. It can't be said.

## The Last Battle

wr. Robert Hammer, dir. Felix Fel with John Van Dreelen, Dayton Lumsden, Joe De Santis, Ben Wright, Rudy Solari, Eric Feldberg, Sandra Williams. The first of two *Voyage* episodes (both guesting with smoothie host John Van Dreelen) involving Nazis still at war. These "Third Reich" episodes are guesting for both *Russia* and *America* with Nelson in the middle.

## Mutiny

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. James Goldstone with Harold J. Stone, Jay Leno. A guest jettish creates a poison that has a strange effect on the Admiral's mind.

James Goldstone, whose previous *Voyage* had been the *Elbow* episode directed "The Sixth Finger" and "The Inheritors" for *The Outer Limits* and "Where No Man Has Gone Before" and "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" for *Star Trek*.

## Daamsday

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. James Goldstone with Donald Hanson, Sy Preston, Ford Runey, Paul George. A computer error marooning commander and himself for nuclear missiles puts the *Seaview* on war alert.

## The Invaders

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir.

James with Harry Mott, Susan Scott, Herbert Lytton, Walter Sande, Ted De Coria. Shades of *Star Trek's* "The Ultimate Computer" when Grise and all in the *Seaview* are the sole operators of the super-sub in an attempt to test a new computer system that has disappeared with human controls.

## The Saboteur

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. Felix Fel with Wally Savers, Ben Freed. Dave is brainwashed to sabotage an important mission. Wally Savers makes the first of a number of appearances in *Voyage*; the former co-star of the 1956 feature *Forbidden River* also appears in *Keeper Of The Purple Twilight* for *The Outer Limits*, "One Way To The Moon" for *Time Tunnel*, "By Any Other Name" for *Star Trek* and "Brainwash" and "A Place Called Earth" for *Land Of The Giants*.

## Cradle Of The Deep

wr. Robert Hammer, dir. Sabey Martin with John Anderson, Howard Wendell, Dennis Law, Robert Pine. Un-natural experiments with the speed of evolution create a man-sized plant from a microscopic particle. John Anderson was the Eborate in *The Outer Limits* "Nightmare".

## The Amphibians

wr. Rick Volkman, dir. Felix Fel with Skip Hammer, Curt Connors, Zora Pomy. Two over-enthusiastic scientists get carried away in their zeal for experimentation and run themselves and others into amphibians. Rick Volkman wrote the *Star Trek* episode "For the World Is Follow". Rennie would return to guest in *Voyage* again, with other SF roles including *The Expanding Human* for *The Outer Limits* and "Parsons Of Force" and "The Way To Eden" for *Star Trek*.

## The Exile

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. James Goldstone with Ed Auer, David Sheiner, Harry Davis, James Hawley, Jason Wingreen. Nelson is trapped at sea on a lifeboat with a brutal disease. Ed Auer today better known for his roles as Lou Grant and in *The Bronx Zoo*, also appeared in "Crowded Out Of The Woodwork" for *The Outer Limits* and "Wall Of Crystal" for *The Invaders*. David Sheiner, a familiar screen villain, was in "The Jay Cutler" for *The Invaders*.

## The Creature

wr. Rick Volkman, dir. Sabey Martin with Leslie Nielsen, Paul Collins, W. Tom Savers. An incompetent commander tries to cover up the failure of his mission and the deaths of his crew with death while joining the *Seaview* to investigate the mystery. This is the first of two episodes with the same title. Before he became associated with spacefaring in the 80's, Leslie Nielsen played primarily dramatic roles including the lead in the 1956 pulpster *It's a Wonderful Life*.



## Indestructible Man

Planet

## The Enemies

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. Felix Fel with Henry Silva, Holochi Thorne. A drug that induces immortality here is utilized by various scientists to see Nelson and Crane against each other. Holochi Thorne had already appeared in *Voyage* as covered earlier, and would appear again - as Blackbeard the pirate, no less! Henry Silva appears in "Terror Amongst" and "The Most" for *The Outer Limits*.

## Secret Of The Loch

wr. Charles Bennett, dir. Sabey Martin with Toin Thatcher, Hecley Mankin, Toin Thatcher, George Mitchell, John Moulton. Nelson and his crew investigate the legends of the Loch Ness Monster. Toin Thatcher's numerous fantasy credits include "The Space Trader" for *Lost In Space*, "Crack Of Doom" for *Time Tunnel*, "Return Of The Ankh" for *Star Trek*, and "Nightmare" for *Land Of The Giants*.

## The Condemned

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. Leonard Rom with J. D. Cannon, Arthur Franz, Alvy Moore. J. D. Cannon is best known for his westerns and his role as harassed Chief Clifford in *McClellan*, but he also made a memorable appearance in the pilot for the *Invaders*. Franz appeared in "Target Earth" for *Land Of The Giants* and numerous SF movies including *Invaders From Mars*.

## The Traitor

wr. William Read Woodfield, dir. Sabey Martin with George Sanders, Michael Ruck, Susan Bonney. Nelson's sworn arch-villain, John Falcon, and all-around smooth sneak George Sanders is the double-agent who kidnaps Nelson's sister in an attempt to base for missile secrets in his last episode to be filmed in black and white. From the second season on, *Voyage* would be filmed in color. For some reason in the process, losing many of the writers and directors who contributed to these early episodes in favor of many more familiar names to followers of the Allen series. Welch, Gail Bennett and Hammer would stick around as would Volkman and Read. Woodfield with writer Allan Collier formerly working at *Outer Limits* better known as

with Michael Constantine. A data-collecting robot returning from a space mission is discovered to have become a mischievous menace.

## The Buccaneer

wr. William Welch Al Gail, dir. Lesko Benedek with Darryl Anwar, George Raynes, Ernie Genevise. An on collector becomes a modern-day pirate when his desire to possess a famous painting gets the better of his fragile grip on sanity. Anwar was the vampire killer in *Veggie* in the TV movie *The Night Stalker*.

## The Human Computer

wr. Robert Hammer, dir. James Gold-

## Killers Of The Deep



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# COMPUTER SLAYGROUND

Horror doesn't always have to be mind-numbing. It can also be side-splitting as Chris Knight discovers on the computer screen scene.

## IT CAME FROM THE DESERT

Let's talk about ants for a little while. Fascinating little critters aren't they? Carefully dedicated to enhancing the numbers of their own kind, they labour, slowly, day in and day out.

Capable of lifting loads of up to twenty times their own body weight, they will do anything to secure the safety of their beloved queen and, every time you go out for a stroll in the park, remember that there are probably millions of the little beasts just inches beneath your feet, waiting to sink their bony jaws into your flesh if you should accidentally disturb their routine existence.

Laughable really when you consider their size but, what if they were bigger...?

If you haven't seen that remarkable SF thriller, *THEM*, then you won't know about the sheer terror of facing a tank-sized ant in your own back yard. If that's the case, then get a load of this little offering from Mincraft.

*It Came From The Desert* sets you in sedneck country, in the small 1950s American town of Lizard Breath. As a meteorological expert, you have come to track down a recent meteor fall in the nearby hills, but you discover much more than you bargained for.

Set in true 50's giant bug movie style, the game is a real scream in more than one sense of the word. In a desperate race against time, you have to convince the local yokels that the big bad beasts are out there and enlist the help of the National Guard to wipe out the creepy crawlies before they invade the town.

Using a marvellous mix between icon, text and arcade style action, it came from the desert is in a class of its own in the gameplay stakes. Use the telephone wisely to bring the town characters into the plot and collect as much evidence as you can to convince them of the danger.



Like most small towns, *Dead Breath* has its own particular breed of hoodlums and you'll need to be quick with your blade to divert unwelcome late-night attention. If you're unlucky enough to encounter the Hellcats, male rednecks, on the road, be prepared to be involved in a high speed round of chicken.

If you happen to get injured, you'll find yourself in the hospital wasting valuable time, though you can escape if you're quick enough.

As the killer ants start advancing, your first task is to locate their hidden lair and blow the green sky-high. Make sure you are far enough away when the TNT goes up, or you'll find yourself witnessing some spectacular fireworks as your limbs start overtaking you on the way out.

Stocked full of black humor, *It Came from the Desert* will certainly have you duckling from time to time and, the characters you meet along the way will become firm friends as you battle against the odds together.

## THEME PARK MYSTERY

From black humor we move on to even blacker mystery as you arrive at your very own theme park with a very large problem and no clue on how to solve it.

The Magic Canyon foreground closed down under very mysterious circumstances, its former owner driven mad by a terrible secret. As the inheritor, you've no other choice but to walk through the tunnel and unravel the mystery for yourself. Some mystery it is, too!

Walking through the eerie and deserted side-show stands, the only hint you've got is that you need to board the mystery train at some point. Will this lead you any closer to solving the mystery? It will certainly lead you to a very nasty and untimely end unless you're very careful, but it has to be done.

Once aboard the train, you will travel through four totally different landscapes, each with their own challenging puzzles to solve before you can advance. So, saving from past to future and back again, try your luck in Dream Land, Dragon Land, Future Land and Yesterday Land.

As you can imagine, things aren't all they seem in Dream Land, though in Dragon Land they unfortunately and painfully are. There's something very nasty going on throughout the Theme Park and, using some spectacular graphics and sound effects, it will be very difficult not to keep going once you've started.

Using a very near split screen effect, you play in the top half but make your decisions at the



bottom end, despite the lack of grim humor displayed in it came from the desert. Theme Park Mystery is just as distinctive a game, with its own style of atmosphere and suspense.

It will take you a fair while to get to the root of the mystery but, once you get there, you'll know the long journey was worthwhile.

## D.A.T.

If you like your role-playing with just that little bit extra, one of the best offerings in the large spate of RPG games of late must be Ubisoft's extra-terrestrial espionage caper.

Set in the 22nd century, Earth's industrial leaders have been banished to the remote planet of Selenia by a weak and threatened government.

However, the discovery of the vital energy matter, Khegal, on Selenia, makes it imperative for Earth's new government to develop trade between the two planets. But, no sooner is this done when the evil genius Vangor and his accomplice Marigo, start to threaten the Selenians with bacterial warheads.

If Vangor gains possession of the vital space travel matter, he will become master of the Galaxy.





only

A far older plot: eh? Who's going to stop him? B.A.T.: The Bureau of Astral Troubleshooters. As a member of this elite peace-keeping force, this superb RPG game will take you through more than 1,000 different locations, meeting seven weird and wonderful alien species, using your own employed computer Bob to translate for you.

B.A.T. is a joy to play, with simple mouse and kon control and programmed into the mammoth scenario, is a fully fledged flight simulator across the arid desert.

It may well be the sheer size of the game that puts B.A.T. in a league of its own, but the smaller touches really clinch the deal in terms of lasting playability.

Bob, your personal computer, can help you out of all kinds of fixes, like altering your hemisphere in times of battle or injury, and the fine detail in all of the background scenes gives a real atmosphere for the alien landscapes. An ideal candidate for the new Visual Reality Systems being developed in the States at the moment.

## TOM & THE GHOST

Going back to the lighter side of horror Tom And The Ghost is an enjoyable romp through the fictional Scottish Castle Ness.

Little Tammy and his mother Ellen are enjoying a much



needed European holiday after the death of Tom's father, but when Tammy stays from the tour guide's tour in the castle, things start going horribly wrong.

To cut a long story short, Ellen is taken hostage by the evil sorcerer Endur. Now Endur has already taken nine poor souls down to Lucifer, and if he succeeds in getting a tenth victim he will be granted power over the world.

Tammy, on the other hand, has had the better fortune of

slipping into the hands of Sir Reginald Arrow, a pleasant old ghost who has vowed to combat the evil power!

Taking on the role of Sir Arrow, not only must you rescue Ellen from a fate worse than death, but you must also take good care of Tammy, and he's quite a handful!

Armed with a sword, bow and arrow, bludgeon, crossbow and wooden stake, Sir Arrow is quite a formidable opponent and he needs to be to take on the might of Endur and his minions in the various rooms and ramparts of the castle.

You have until dawn to save

Ellen in this signmarked escape which, in terms of puzzle and adventure quality, is well worth a look at, though some may find it a little too young at heart to what the horror buff.

The combat sequences, to be fair, are fast and furious. But be prepared to be slowed down by Tammy, who will often need help to climb over obstacles and staircases. In the end, Tammy proves to be the hero, so look after him well or all of your efforts will have been in vain.

Title  
It Came From The Desert

Theme Park Mystery  
071 928 1454

B.A.T.

Tom & The Ghost

Software House  
Cinemaware  
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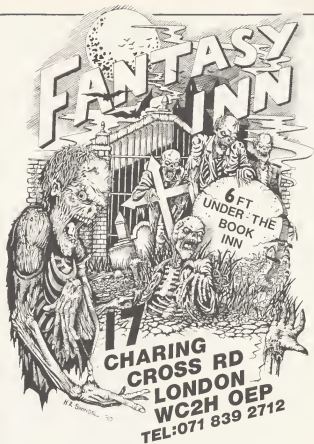
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# TUNES OF

# HORROR

Why does the Devil get all the best tunes? Gavin Baddeley investigates...

If the snarling face of modern horror has a soundtrack then it has to be Metal – the scream of tortured guitars, the savagely barbed vocals, the throbbing pulse of the drums at the heart of the beast – like it or not hard rock and horror are soul mates. But both being black sheep of their respective families horror films and hard rock remain despised, ignored and grudgingly feared by their more respectable brethren.

From its genesis with bands like Black Sabbath to its current vanguard of rockers such as Slayer and Iron Maiden the same dark themes of death and the supernatural have fed both metal and horror. And with these dark fantasies comes the same hysterical reaction from worried parents and ignorant or bigoted dignitaries. But despite this constant harassment they have both survived for decades and, if anything, are stronger now than ever. Names like *Re-Animator* and *Evil Dead* will mean as much to a thrash metal aficionado as they do to any arid horror fan. Considering the way in which they share

**KING DIAMOND**  
– *Basker from Hell!*

the same fans, themes, unpopularity with the powers that be and anarchic spirit it is surprising how rarely the two meet on our screens.

But meet they do and if you'll accept



my invitation I'd like to take you on a whistle-stop tour of metal mayhem in the horror film today.

Amongst the first to score their scenes with screaming guitars were those masters of spaghetti horrors, Dario Argento and Lamberto Bava. Cult Italian director Argento, has accompanied his distinctive horrors with strains of music that range from the demented electronic sounds in *Suspiria* to the operatic works of Verdi used in his recent film, *Opera*. But when the razor-wielding chimp and psychotic mutant dwarf in *Carpenter* strut their stuff they do it to the deafening tones of

**King Diamond** – *Basker From Hell*



metal maestroes Motorhead and Iron Maiden. Argento produced, while fellow cult film-maker, Lamberto Bava, directed a splatlay tale of demonic possession in a cinema *Demons*. A rollercoaster ride which rarely pauses for breath or plot. *Demons* is amply scored by a bevy of metal favourites including Motley Crue, The Scorpions, Accept, and Saxon. The same team returned with more of the same in *Demons 2* which delivered another heavy helping of rock 'n' roll madness just as gory and breathless as the first.

An interesting offspring of the union between hard rock and horror are movies where the hard rock is the source of the horror. A few film-makers have listened to the hell-fire preachers who see rock stars as servants of the devil and, tongues firmly in cheek, ask what if they are? Most successful of this odd sub-genre is *Trick or Treat* where a high school kid is menaced by his look-a-like metal singer, summoned from beyond the grave by playing some of his albums backwards. It features real life metal stars Ozzy Osbourne as a preacher and Gene Simmons as a DJ, with band Fastway providing the sounds. In *Wood Trucks* a metal band go to a mountain retreat in order to film a video for their new song. Unfortunately the area is menaced by shaggy-headed inbred mutants who make short work of our heroes; it's just as daft as it sounds.

Different, but little better, is *Black River* where the leader of the band is Satan himself corrupting the air-headed youth of a small American town. He con-



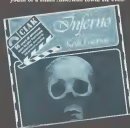
not only features strait-jackets, guillotines and blood gators but also has Alice enacted by a machete-wielding Jason (from *Friday The 13th*) and the unmistakable razor glove of Freddy (from *A Nightmare On Elm Street*). In 1986 Alice actually starred in a horror film entitled *Master Dog*, where he played a rock star. The film has thankfully disappeared into obscurity as it contains some of the most truly awful rock music and tawdry effects ever committed to celluloid.

Things could only get better. His music was used to some effect in *Friday The 13th Part VI - Jason Lives*. The track, He's Back (The Man Behind The Mask) - a musical tribute to Jason is amongst the tracks from his album, *Constrictor*, featured in the film. Alice took another acting role in John Carpenter's *Prince Of Darkness* where he played the leader of a gang of sinister hobos. An unforgettable scene has Alice stabbing someone to death with a rusty bicycle frame. He was also responsible for some of the music and the album from which it's taken, *Raise Your Fist and Yell*, also contains a set of four songs that are a kind of mini concept album. They link together to tell a juicy little tale of mass murder and should be close to the hearts of most horror fans. Future plans have Alice chalked up to appear opposite Freddy in the next *Nightmare On Elm Street* movie, leaving fans to wonder who'll be giving nightmares to who.

Alice Cooper isn't the only rocker with ambitions to menace the public on celluloid as well as vinyl. American hard rock act, W.A.S.P., provided some thumping guitar to add to the frenetic pace of the entertaining *Gremlins* rip-off, *Chaos*. Further exposure followed in a sword and

savory horror crossover on a budget called *Bayeffer*. It features a mouthed barbarian who is transported to a W.A.S.P. concert by Satan where his girlfriend is sliced and diced by Blackie Lawless, lead singer of the band. Another metal singer, who goes under the modest stage name of Thor, stars in the horror cheapie *Zombie Nightmare*. Thor is a big lad and plays a body builder who turns into a zombie after his unfortunate demise, wrecking his revenge with an aluminium baseball bat. The soundtrack includes numbers by Thor himself, Fist and Motorhead; none of which quite manage to save the movie from being a forgettable hour of nonsense.

Motorhead's distinctive frontman Lemmy, has also dabbled in the film world, initially as an arms dealer in *Eat the Rich*. While undeniably a comedy, *Eat the Rich* does contain some delicious cannibalism scenes and a peering soundtrack from Motorhead. Closer to genre-lover's hearts, however, is his latest appearance in the



tually shows his true colours, appearing as a rubbery monster with dangly arms and leechy punch-up with the local teacher. The soundtrack includes numbers by King Kobra and Lizzy Borden, but the music is a little limp and the film itself is a bit of an insult to film lovers and metal heads alike.

Another film that uses the 'playing metal albums backwards as a hotline to The Guy Downtable' plot (called backtracking by those who would have us believe these fantasies are for real) is *The Gals*. A sort of combined *Gremlins* and *Predator* rip-off it's a little too cute for most red blooded horror fans but is quite good fan nonetheless.

If there's one singer who has mined the rich imagery of the horror movie, more than any other it must be Alice Cooper. His now infamous 'Nightmare' stage show



recent British cyber-punk/horror movie; *Hardcore*. He reportedly did his part in the film for a few hundred quid and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

The undisputed master of horror, Stephen King, has often voiced his love for rock music and so when he got the opportunity to direct one of his own stories as a film, his choice of soundtrack was no great surprise. The film? *Maximum Overdrive*: a tale of rebellious machines stealing the world from their ungrateful human masters. The soundtrack? The famous metal merchants from down under, AC/DC, provide the tunes for the King's directorial debut. The result? A bit of a disappointment unfortunately, these killer housewives and psychotic nightowls just aren't scary, though the distinctive AC/DC guitar riffs help to make sure the film keeps a bit of pace. Overall perhaps Mr King should stick to the word processor.

Someone whose directorial talents most true horror fans would have trouble fathoming is Wes Craven. From his early days creating such notorious classics as *The Last House on the Left* and *The Hills Have Eyes* to the more recent and less splashy likes of *The Serpent* and *The Raincoat*, he has done much to endear himself to fans of the fearful on film. His



CEREBRAL FIX

peppered the action with some manic guitar riffs. Probably most memorable was the song 'No More Mr Nice Guy', which became Pinker's theme and was originally an Alice Cooper (yes, him again) song before Megadeth resurrected it with a jolt of thrashy guitar. Overall a lot of fun, but it has to be said that the world of cinematic serial killers is probably overpopulated already and Horror may have arrived on the scene a bit too late - even if he does have the coolest tunes.

In the same way that those screaming guitars have inspired the horror movie world, there are a number of bands who



have felt the urge to try and put a horror movie on vinyl. Amongst the more colourful of these is a band fronted by, and going by the name of, King Diamond. He certainly looks the part in sinister make up and black leather but his vocal style - alternating between guttural grunts and high pitched screams - is a bit of an acquired taste. He has come up with two albums that are, in effect, horror movies told to music which are titled *Abigail* and *Theat*. Worth a listen if you feel like checking out something a bit off the beaten track in the metal world.

The name Waddy O'Williams may ring a bell to fans of women-to-prison movies

or the defunct band the Plasmatics - she's a rather aggressive lady who has trouble keeping her tugs on. Her contribution to the horror-film-on-a-record genre is a solo effort about the world's invasion by giant maggots. How serious it's supposed to be isn't supposed to be anybody's guess but it's certainly one of the odder discs in the metal racks.

More recently the band Warfare have taken a whole era of horror movies as an inspiration for their latest album. Barking back to the golden era of the British horror movie in the Sixties and Seventies their more recent work goes under the rather self-explanatory title of *Hammer Horror*. The band are firm fans of the atmospheric films produced by the prolific Hammer company featuring such greats as Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, who for many, remain the archetypal Count Dracula and Baron Frankenstein. The music is thick with enough vampires, werewolves and zombies to please most fright fans and was made with the full co-operation of Hammer. It even features sleeve notes by Mr Cushing and deserves attention from fans of the late shows on the TV and rock aficionados alike.

Like all the best monsters both hard rock and horror just refuse to lay down and die, and with the healthy pedigree they both share we can only hope that they continue to conspire to scare and delight us for many years to come.



most famous creation is, of course, Freddy Krueger of the *Nightmare on Elm Street* films, but, dissatisfied with the way the character was developing he decided to create a new celluloid slasher. The result was a psychopathic electrician going by the name of Boreas Pinker. The film was *Shocker*. And for the soundtrack Craven turned to popular thrashers Megadeth who

# Hammer GLAMOUR

**H**ammer Films had many hot blooded heroines, but most genre buffs agree that few of them sunk their teeth into their roles as ferociously well as that delightful tawny-haired beauty, Ingrid Pitt. Her compelling portrayals of a trio of lady vampires in the early 70s quickly gained the Polish born actress a reputation as Hammer's queen of horror. Unfortunately the studio failed to capitalise on her considerable talents, but when the house of Hammer collapsed her career wasn't buried in the rubble. She survived, and has since gone on to prove a formidable character performer in pictures like *WHO DARES WINS*, *WILD GEESE 2*, and *HANNA'S WAR*, also enjoying a great deal

placed persons camps. This chapter of her life had a happy ending: the Red Cross found him and the family were reunited in West Berlin.

Ingrid's interest in acting began to blossom in the mid 50s, and in 1959 she decided to move to East Berlin and joined the Bertold Brecht Berliner Ensemble ('no one else would have me!' she says with a chuckle), where she stayed for three years. But her outspoken criticisms of the political system began to get her into trouble, and one night (in November 1962) she got a tipoff that she was to be arrested backstage after the evening's performance. When the authorities turned up they were too late: Ingrid had departed from East Berlin by the no-nonsense expedient of swimming across the river Spree!

After this, she made her way to America where her daughter Stefanie was born. In 1963 she joined the Pasadena Playhouse and toured the streets as *Blanche du Bois* in *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*. She also visited Sioux and Navajo Indian reservations, where she researched material for

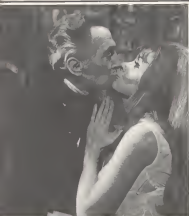
## INGRID PITT

of success as a novelist and film producer.

Those who know Ingrid will tell you she is a born survivor. In fact her entire life is the story of struggling against seemingly insurmountable odds. Come to think of it, it would make a fabulous movie. She was born Ingoushka Petrov on a train taking prisoners to a concentration camp during the latter stages of WW2, and after spending three years in the camp with her mother, ended up escaping to the forest with partisans, not knowing the war was over. In 1947 she walked from Warsaw to Berlin trying to find her father, searching in dis-

*The House That Dripped Blood.*





Ingrid and Peter Cushing: *The Vampire Lovers*

two books, one of which was entitled *THE AMERICAN INDIAN TODAY*. Her other jobs at this time included that of a model, Flamenco dancer and a cook in a Hollywood restaurant.

In July of 1964 she moved to Spain with her daughter, where a photographer took a picture of her crying for a bull at a bullfight. This turned up in a local newspaper and led to Spanish director Ana Mariscal offering her her first film part as a crazy tourist who falls in love with a bullfighter in *THE SPLENDOR OF ANDALUCIA*. It didn't prove bullish at the boxoffice, but it was enough to get her further movie roles in *A KISS IN THE HARBOUR* (1965) and her first genre picture, *THE PREHISTORIC SOUND*. The latter concerned an archaeological expedition menaced by a conveniently invisible brontosaurus, and was aptly described by critics as 'lumbering.'

Ingrid stayed in Spain for four more years, learning the language fluently (she can also speak Russian, English, German, Italian and French) and doing a great deal of theatre work with the Teatro Nacional de Espana. She also had a tiny part in *DR ZHIVAGO* and got her own TV show called *AQUI ESPANA*. But union problems eventually forced her to re-locate her career to America, where she appeared in a couple of popular TV shows (*IRONSIDE*, *DUNDEE AND THE CULHANE*), before taking the lead role in a little-seen science-fiction chiller entitled *THE OMEGANS* (1968). Shot in the Philippines (always a bad sign) this was a bizarre tale about a river with mysterious radioactive properties.

Although it was directed by Willy Wilder (Billy's brother!), this was basically a low budget clinker. But it didn't seem to harm her Ingrid's career, because she moved directly into starring opposite Clint Eastwood and Richard Burton in the hit wartime adventure, *WHERE EAGLES DARE* (1969). After that she moved to England, where she was forced to work as a waitress in a cafe to support her young daughter until the day she met Hammer boss James Carreras at a party and he offered her the lead in

two forthcoming pictures. It was an act of kindness she has never forgotten, and was to launch her all-too-brief career as Hammer's most memorable lady vampire!

Ingrid's Hammer debut was *THE VAMPIRE LOVERS* (1970), a full-blooded horror yarn in which she played the beautiful female vampire Mircalla/Carmilla. The film was a departure for the studio in that it was the first time they had gone all out to mix blood and bare breasts, and most of the nudity was provided by Ingrid's predatory bloodsucker, who had the habit of seducing her mostly female victims before draining their blood.

The film was a major success, and paved the way for Ingrid's taking the title role in *COUNTESS DRACULA* (1970), a stately horror yarn based on the historical exploits of the 16th Century Hungarian countess Elizabeth Bathory, who sup-

posedly bathed in the blood of dozens of young virgins to keep herself eternally youthful.

Of course when the virgin





Ingrid and Jan Pertwee: *The House That Draped Blood*

population ran out, the Countess's looks took a decided turn for the worse!

Despite one of Ingrid's best performances, *COUNTRESS ORACULA* didn't do particularly well at the boxoffice. Rather surprisingly she declined roles in *LUST FOR A VAMPIRE* (Hammer's lucklustre 1971 sequel to *THE VAMPIRE LOVERS*) and *TWINS OF EVIL* (1972), because in her own words, "Horror scripts kept coming in, but they were mostly the same. In *VAMPIRE LOVERS* and *COUNTRESS ORACULA*, the nudity had been an authentic part of the story. Suddenly, nudity and sex WERE the stories. It wasn't prudery that made me turn them down, I was ready to have a breast with the best of them. But the stories - ugh!"

It was left to Hammer's rival, Amicus Films, to do justice to her talents in the fourth and final segment of an excellent 1971 horror anthology entitled *THE HOUSE THAT ORIPPEO BLOOO*. The episode was called 'The Cloak', and Ingrid was delightful playing a female vampire named Carla in an engaging film-within-a-film about a famous horror actor (Jon Pertwee) who becomes a real vampire when he puts on an authentic cloak. Ingrid maintains that this is her favourite among all her movies to date, and she certainly gives one of her most engaging, fang-in-cheek performances!

Around the early 70s the actress also became a familiar face on British TV, guesting in shows like *JASON KING, THRILLER, THE ZOO GANG, SKI BOY, OR WHO*, and *THE ADVENTURER*. She even turned up as a guest panelist on *NEW FACES*. But movie work was less forthcoming, certainly from Hammer anyway, who were feeling the pinch as a new breed of more up-to-date horror movies began to supplant the gothic nightmares that had once earned them the Queen's Award to Industry. Ingrid moved on to appear in a drab little sex drama with a film industry setting called *NOBODY OROEROE LOVE*, where she played a fading sex symbol whose alcoholic ways hold up production on the filming of a big budget war drama. As an attempt to depict the double dealing and corruption within the industry it fell woefully short of its tar-



Countess Dracula - before

get.

But there was plenty of real-life funny business going on behind the scenes of Ingrid's next film, a memorable chiller called *THE WICKER MAN* (1973). This macabre tale of ritual sacrifice on a remote Scottish island cast Ingrid as a nymphomaniac librarian (!) and much to author Peter (SLEUTH) Shaffer's displeasure was edited down from a powerful two-hour narrative to a nearly incomprehensible 83 minutes. It was held up in litigation

for years before being released.

Fed up with the lack of decent roles, Ingrid joined forces with her husband to form her own production company, TRIP (Tony Rudlin Ingrid Pitt). They produced a number of plays together, and then in 1974 the couple moved to Argentina and got involved in some strange genre projects like *EL LOBO* (1975), which told of a beautiful Devil (played by Ingrid) who attempted to corrupt the soul of a young boy. It was while she was in Argentina that Ingrid developed her passion for writing. She also became very interested in the story of the Perons, eventually writing a book about them in 1982. She and Tony were in the middle of planning a movie entitled *EL ULTIMO ENEMIGO* and a TV series called *THE CUCKOO RUN* when the revolution in Argentina got in the way, and the couple were forced to return to England.

Back in the UK, she appeared on *MOVIE MEMORIES* to promote our regular columnist Alan Frank's 'Horror Film Handbook,' and was in the BBC productions of *UNITY* (1981), *ARTEMIS 81*, and *SMILEY'S PEOPLE* (1982). She was also back on the big screen playing a vicious lady terrorist in the SAS thriller, *WHO GARES WINS* (1982). In the early 80s she had made a conscious decision to concentrate more on her writing, turning her script for the unproduced *CUCKOO RUN* (a sort of female James Bond story about the adventures of an Ingrid-like character called Nina Oulton) into a novel which was published by Futura and sold some eighty thousand copies in six weeks.

The publication of Ingrid's second Nina Oulton adventure, *PIGEON TANGO*, fell through when Futura was sold to MacDonald. But she had better luck with *THE PERONS* (Methuen, 1982 - later published in paperback as *EVA'S*





Countess Dracula - after.



SPELL), and two children's books for charity entitled BERTIE THE BUS and BERTIE TO THE RESCUE. She has

also written a novel called KATARINA (1984 - Methuen), which is based on her mother's survival in a Nazi concentration camp.

With all this feverish activity going on the writing front, Ingrid still found time to appear in TV shows like BULMAN and A COMEDY OF ERRORS, and in movies like WILD GESE II (where she was yet another terrorist), PARKER, UNDERWORLD (as a brothel Madame) and HANNA'S WAR. And in recent times her daughter Steffie has also done well for herself as an actress with roles in films like Michael Winner's BULLSEYE (though Steffie doesn't boast about her involvement in this one!)

Better roles certainly await both mother and daughter in

forthcoming productions from Monaco Films, a new company formed recently by Ingrid and Tony. 'We have 23 different

projects that I have either written alone or co-written with my husband as novels or screenplays,' concludes Ingrid. 'The first one is in production now. It's called DRACULA WHO?, and is a comedy on the subject of Dracula turning into a vegetarian...' We're sure it will turn out to be a real scream. In the meantime you can sample some of the lady's petrifying prose in the short story section of this very issue. She's certainly not just a pretty face!

Many thanks to Greg Turnbull for his help in the preparation of this article, and of course fangs to Ingrid herself for sparing the time to talk about her career in depth and her future plans - plus lending us the pictures!

# OPPORTUNITY SHOCKS

In the second of a three-part special feature, Steve Shields takes you through the ins and outs of macabre moviemaking...

**O**kay, first of all, hands up all of those who didn't see last month's issue of **THE DARKSIDE?** Now, which of you followed my instructions on how to prepare the groundwork for your own horror film? Wow, as many as that, eh? Good. The rest of you are simply going to have to go back to the previous issue and start from scratch as, the chances are, these budding directors who HAVE executed the laborious yet necessary tasks of pre-production will produce movies of a significantly higher standard than those of you who haven't. If you think that getting a few mates together with a camcorder and a bottle of tomato ketchup will do the trick think again.

## SHOOT TO THRILL

So, you've got your script, a detailed shooting schedule, an enthusiastic cast and all the props and costumes you need. Permission has been granted to film in all locations and, if did hasn't got one and the school won't lend you theirs, you're ready to hire a camcorder.

The only advice I can give here is to shop around. Most of the high street Making up Gorman's *Frankenstein Monster*

multiplexes are much of a muchness - some will offer special week-day rates while the hire prices at others may decrease for extended loans.

A few things to take into consideration though are: does the hire charge include a suitable tripod? You're definitely going to need one. How many batteries do you get, and is the battery charger included in the price (you can get away with only the one battery, but you'd be wise to insist on two). And how much more will it cost to hire proper video lights and an external microphone?

Obviously you're going to want to keep costs to a bare minimum and, as our panel of judges will be looking more for style, imagination and flair than technical merit you should be able to come up with a strong contender for a minimal outlay.

## AAAAAND, ACTION!

The thing to remember when the time comes to shoot your very first take is don't try to run before you can walk. Experiment a bit first. Get used to handling the camcorder, find out exactly what it can (and cannot) do and familiarise yourself with all the essential controls.

Do a few close-ups, try a long shot, give panning a whirl and forget all about zooming, as at the end of the day, it just looks naïf on screen. Most camcorders



Can you come up with a monster as good as this?

nowadays come equipped with a power zoom function - it's hard, I know, but just ignore it. Your battery will almost certainly last twice as long if you keep your fingers off the power zoom buttons and keep the auto focus switched to manual control, unless you want to track a moving object (a potential victim escaping from a would-be assailant, for example).

Once you're confident that you can successfully operate the camcorder - and have worked out exactly how the tripod can assist you in this - you'll be ready to begin shooting your film. No director worth his salt will expect to get any worthwhile footage in the can without first rehearsing his cast. You don't have to get them to run through the entire film as you would if you were directing a stage play, but take them through the moves and dialogue prior to each take. This way, when you shout 'Action!' everyone will know exactly where they should be and what they should be saying/doing, and you should have a clear picture for where the camera will need to be pointing in order to capture all the important aspects of the scene.

If you have a scene here a character has to manipulate a certain prop (picking up a hand axe, say), then film the character doing it from a distance. Then, have your actor replace the prop exactly where he picked it up from, and move the camera in for a close-up (so you can show his knuckles tightening around the handle).





his fingers encircling the axe, and then resume the long shot of him straightening up with the axe in his hand. But if you haven't taken detailed notes of what you've filmed you're sure to forget that you even shot a few things.

Of course, there's no limit to how much of this sort of thing you can do. You can enhance that simple sequence with a close-up of the axe man's face (complete with demonic grin, naturally) and edit that in after the close-up of his hand and before you resume the long shot. I'll be dealing with editing in the third and final instalment next month, but if you don't keep an accurate record of exactly what you have filmed as you're filming it, when you get to the editing stage I can guarantee you'll find yourself up shit creek with only a pitchfork for a paddle!

Shooting scenes with lots of dialogue is another area where multiple takes are a



wise move. If, say, you have two characters holding a discussion, film the entire conversation with both characters in the frame. Then, before either actor has moved from their location (providing they don't deliver their lines while wandering about the set, which can be problematic), move the camera in to film each of them reciting their lines individually in a three quarter or head and shoulders shot (the character not in shot reciting their lines off camera). Do the same thing again with the other character, and then move in for a few close-up 'reaction' shots - raising the eyebrows, putting a finger on the lips, smiling, frowning, etc.

## CURSE AND MAKE UP

I've been reliably informed by the Editor of this pulsating organ that a special prize is to be awarded for 'Best Makeup Effects'. He hasn't divined exactly what it is to be yet but as only the best is good enough for our readers (and money is almost no object!) you can rest assured it'll be something worth going over the top for.

First of all, your make-up kit. Every special effects technician in the business has his box of tricks with him at all times... and each will contain a radically



Dark Side designer Jeff Garvey in the makeup chair

different selection of goodies. Yours will have to be no exception. Start with a jar of Copydex adhesive (£2.25 at any half decent hardware store or art shop).



Do-it-yourself gore

When you finally get to edit your film you can use the long shot of the character bending down to pick up an object on the table, have a quick four second cut-in of

Copdax is useful for everything from effective facial scars to keeping a false beard in place. Try smearing some on the back of your hand and wait until it dries (you'll know when it does as it turns clear instead of milky white). Once clear it will remain tacky for some time, so pinch your skin together and hey presto! An instant knife wound. Experiment a little and you'll soon discover that a hair lip is an easy operation, while a chainsaw scar, although a little more difficult, is by no means out of the question. I will say this though, keep it well away from your eyes and hair (it's a bugger to wash out, believe me) and for god's sake, don't spill any on Granny's sofa!

Scars are one thing, imitation blood is entirely another. The stuff you can buy from joke shops isn't really up to scratch - it's either far too runny, the wrong colour or exorbitantly expensive. Have a fiddle about in the kitchen (providing you get it cleaned up before mum gets home!) Tomato ketchup on its own is not the answer - it's not runny enough, and the wrong colour - but add a little water and a few drops of Worcester sauce and you should come up with a viable alternative to the real thing at a fraction of the cost!

I generally avoid all forms of solids before lunch time, but breakfast cereals have long been a firm favourite for mine. Rice Crispies soaked in a solution of vegetable dye and water, topped with a liberal helping of Copdax Adhesive makes



'What a terrifying sight!'

for one hell of an acid burn. Corn Flakes prepared in the same fashion and smeared across the chest should deter even the most ardent village idiot from attempting to hitch a free ride by hanging onto the back bumper of a moving vehicle!

Imagination is the real key to successful make-up jobs, but don't be over-ambitious and think safety! Amputations are a doddle with a hollowed-out mattress, but if you attempt to contort your (or your performer's) body into too painful an angle for too long... you may find yourself with the opportunity of filming a real one. And the judges will know the difference so don't try any short cuts!

## CONTINUITY

We have all seen TV shows where, for example, a character walks into a pub wearing a pair of sunglasses, and when the scene changes to the interior of the bar he comes through the door without them. And we've probably all had a bloody good laugh about it too - but preventing this

sort of thing from happening in your own production, you'll discover, is no joke!

Professional film crews employ a person specifically to keep an eye on this sort of thing. The prevention of silly mishaps like the one outlined above is their sole responsibility, and in the complicated business of movie making it's a full time occupation. Before each take the continuity girl will consult her records to ensure that each character participating in the up-coming take looks exactly the same as they did in the scene that will eventually end up preceding it in the finished film. And when days, weeks or even months can come between takes, you will appreciate just how difficult a job it is.

Now we're not expecting miracle from you - but we do advise that you keep a tight reign on proceedings and exert diligence wherever possible. If my experience is anything to go by, then for every one thing that goes right ten disasters will happen. Stick with it though, and don't expect to be able to compete with the Wes Cravens of this world on your first go!

Watch 'Twist and Shout' camerader



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# NEW YORK NIGHTMARES

Maitland McDonagh meets Abel Ferrara, the hot exploitation director who played THE DRILLER KILLER...

**T**here are those who kill... violently," promised the ads for Abel Ferrara's **DRILLER KILLER** when it was unceremoniously let loose in the

United States on a double-bill with the dreary **DRIVE-IN MASSACRE** in 1979. And a whole lot of them feature prominently in the films of director/writer team Ferrara and Nicholas St. John.

Born in the Bronx, Ferrara and St. John began their synchiotic careers in high school, where they made 8mm films together, and for more than 20 years they've maintained a close professional relationship. Their combined vision is one of poetic but hard-edged violence, eight years away from the lyrical brutality of such films as Walter Hill's **THE WARRIORS** or **STREETS OF FIRE**. Dubbed New York mavericks, they've managed to keep their careers based on the East Coast, staying long beyond the time when most ambitious filmmakers would have packed up for the Golden West. Even **FEAR CITY**, their first (and less than successful) excursion into big-budget filmmaking, was only partially shot in Los Angeles; the rest was filmed on the streets of New York.

In **DRILLER KILLER**, a painter living in a decaying loft building - played by the director under the pseudonym "Jimmy Laine" - loses his precarious hold on reality when a cackobonous rock band moves into his building. Unable to work, his private life disrupted, he takes to the streets of lower Manhattan with an electric drill and lets it rip, drilling huns, crazy people and lecherous art dealers with equal glee. Not a pretty picture, to be sure, and not a polished film. But powerful - it made you

wonder what these guys were going to come up with next time.

**MS.45** (1981, released in the UK as **ANGEL OF VENGEANCE**) was the answer. Tight, glossy and vicious, it introduced the stunning - if eccentric -

matized by having killed a man in the ring - in an agency that books Times Square strippers. Their problem: the psychopath who's systematically murdering their girls. It's not a good movie - Ferrara and St. John, working for the first time with the California establishment, blame studio interference - but almost makes up for it by being sleazy beyond words. And the cast - Tom Berenger, underwear model Jack Scalia, Billy Dee Williams, Melanie Griffith, Rae Dawn Chong and Ola Ray (widely known as the girl in Michael Jackson's **THRILLER** video) - is certainly easy on the eyes. **FEAR CITY** was a troubled production, and it didn't exactly further Ferrara and St. John's careers; Ferrara guaranteed himself a niche in the Rebel Hall of Fame, though, when he dumped a plate of macaroni on producer Bruce Cohen Curtis (in front of a journalist, yet) after Curtis took issue with his shooting schedule.

It took a while to line up financing for their next project. In the meantime, Ferrara made a brief foray into television, directing episodes of Michael Mann's trend-setting **MIAMI VICE** and, more importantly, the pilot film for **CRIME STORY**. Set in Chicago, Las Vegas and South America during the early sixties, **CRIME STORY** followed the careers of cop Michael Torello (Dennis Farina) and criminal Ray Luca (Anthony Davidson), who rises from petty thief to international drug lord despite Torello's best efforts to stop him. Though erratic, the series was never less than stylish, and at its best it achieved some nifty hilter-transcendence.

**CHINA GIRL**'s (1987) andacious



Zot Tameris as a mute girl who is twice abused by brutal rapists, one played by Ferrara. She turns to vigilante justice, taking to the streets with a 45 in hand to avenge all women victimized by male aggression. Between body parts in plastic bags and Tameris in a man's habit, **MS.45** had something to offend just about everyone, but it showed Ferrara and St. John weren't one shot wonders.

**FEAR CITY** (1984) revolves around partners - one a former hater trans-

look recalls CRIME STORY, all rain swept streets and neon reflections, and its approach is equally ferocious. A doomed interracial love affair in the ROMEO AND JULIET mold, it focussed as much attention on the violent clash of Chinese and Italian street gangs as it did on adolescent passion. CHINA GIRL looked like a good bet to put Ferrara and St. John over the top, with its attractive cast, aggressively glossy look and story that stepped back half a step from unregenerate scumminess, holding out some bleak hope that young love might not be the answer to the world's ills, but could shine a little light into the darkness. But no such luck.

CAT CHASER (1989), adapted from an Elmore Leonard novel and starring Kelly McGillis and Peter Weller, was another rocky road. This time shooting went fine, but post-production became a nightmare when extensive editing was done without Ferrara's participation, followed by the collapse of producer Vestron Films. Ferrara declares the film a disaster, and it has never been released in the United States.

As to their most recent film, KING OF NEW YORK, well... its rogues' gallery of ruthless drug dealers, lethally frustrated cops and stone killers is enough to make anyone think twice about paying a visit to fun city. Starring Christopher Walken, who turns in a performance that simply has to be seen to be believed, with support from David Caruso (veteran of CRIME STORY and CHINA GIRL), Larry Fishburne, Giancarlo Esposito, Wesley Snipes and Steve Buscemi, KING OF NEW YORK is the movie Sidney Lumet's Q&A claimed to be. Harsh, lyrical, relentless and infused with a desperate love for New York in all its brutal glory, KING OF NEW YORK is defined by the elements of race, class, money, connections and influence that make up New



China Girl

York's infrastructure. Accusations that the film is racist, sexist, irresponsibly violent and glamorises the narcotics trade flew even before the film's release. Ferrara and St. John are still far from the mainstream, and while that's the way they seem to like it, it's a shame: they could only bring up the level.

This interview was conducted in two parts. First, with Ferrara and St. John just following the Cannes screenings of CHINA GIRL. The setting is a trendy restaurant in Manhattan's Chelsea section, sun washed and perfectly appointed. Dressed like well-mannered things - St. John in a leather jacket and blue jeans, Ferrara in a worn salt jacket and black jeans - they banter seamlessly, flinching sentences and even anticipating thoughts for one another - just a couple of tough guys sitting around talking.

**Dark Side:** So, I hear that if you guys weren't making movies you'd be robbing liquor stores.

**Abel Ferrara:** Yeah, it's true. Almat. We wouldn't be robbing liquor stores... we'd

be robbing banks.

**Nicholas St. John:** No, I know... insider trading!

**AF:** Insider trading - that's it.

**DS:** That jacket wouldn't cut it on Wall Street.

**AF:** What do you mean? Look at this! (He turns the lapel to show a label; it reads "Scalla.") The jacket is from Jack Scalla's FEAR CITY wardrobe, somewhat the worse for wear.) In case I get picked up robbing a liquor store.



China Girl

They'll bust Jack Scalla.

**DS:** You started out together making 8mm films - what inspired you to do that?

**AF:** We already answered that question once today.

**DS:** Not for me.

**NSJ:** That's all we could afford. We couldn't afford a video camera.

**DS:** They didn't have video cameras then.

**NSJ:** You're right. We couldn't afford 16mm, couldn't even afford Super-8... they probably didn't even have that then either. It was the medium at the time; we were playing around. We were watching all the films from Europe that were being shown. Godard, Truffaut, Rene Clair, all those guys. We were totally knocked out.

**AF:** You know, Spielberg had a two-and-a-half hour feature playing in his local movie theater when he was 12 years old. 8mm movie, he was 12 years old. Sci-Fi. He didn't stop at 5



minutes - this cat made a two-and-a-half hour movie.

NSJ: Abe, that's why the guy's a zillionaire today. We stopped at five minutes.

DS: How did you get from playing around with 5mm to making your first feature, *DRILLER KILLER*?

NSJ: I'll tell you how - we borrowed, begged and stole from every single person in the world, you know what I mean?

DS: Abel, why did you decide to star as the pathetic, disturbed creep who murders people with a drill as well?

AF: Who else would have played that part?

Actually, it was a documentary about a friend of ours. Very demented young man.

DS: Did he really drill people on the streets of Manhattan? I don't think so.

AF: Not quite... maybe he came close.

NSJ: He thought about it. Real sick guy.

DS: What's with all the eyes in that picture - there are eyes everywhere?

AF: The buffalo eyes? You point something and then what you point watches you and you watch it...

NSJ: Like you're looking at yourself, and then you drive a knife into the eye. (St. John tugs at his eye and makes slashing gestures with his other hand.)

DS: Is that gesture some kind of homage to Un Chien Andalou?

NSJ: No! I'm just rubbing my eye... anyway, that was a razor. You know, the important thing for us as... young filmmakers was to be able to make a weighty statement within the mayhem and mess of the horror film. We really wanted to do that! A mindless exercise didn't excite us. That's not to say that one way is better than the other, but we wanted to say some-

thing and be able to go wild at the same time.

DS: Nick, why would a man write a film like *Ms.45*, whose message is not only feminist but overtly hostile to men in general?

NSJ: Why? Because as far as I was concerned it was the perfect, logical response to what I saw going on then. Like anything else we do, it may be a little extreme... It was a response to certain ideas I might agree with, but I'm not going to write a movie where some woman walks around spouting ideas, whether I agree with them or not. Cinema is a visual medium - we all know that. If you want to make a point - women are silent, women can't defend themselves against the kind of masculine aggression that was very pronounced around the time we were making it - you make that point in a cinematic way. So I wrote the script -



Zoe Tameria is the Angel of Vengeance



It went fast, too - and made her mute.

DS: Unlike many filmmakers, you've stayed in New York. Why?

NSJ: It's home to us. Everybody we work with lives here, so it's easier to shoot here than to pack them all up and go to L.A.

AF: *FEAR CITY* was shot half in L.A. and it was a real hassle.

NSJ: I like L.A., but it's better here. Also, the films are set here. *MS.45*

was not a picture about L.A. New York is New York and there's so other city in the world like it. It's a character in our films all by itself. It's the intellectual, financial, creative capital of the world and there's a license here that doesn't exist elsewhere... things happen faster. Our next movie (*KING OF NEW YORK*) is about something that couldn't happen in L.A. Or maybe it could, but I can't imagine it. Plus, Abel knows New York like he knows his living room.

AF: New York IS my living room.

DS: Let's talk a little about *FEAR CITY*.

AF: One of your favorite movies - you told me you hated it.

DS: I didn't tell you I hated it. I told you I thought it was your weakest film.

AF: We got jerked off by a pseudo-Italian mogul there.

NSJ: I'll tell you what happened. The original script that we wanted to shoot was 75 pages long. That's what happened.

DS: Did you flesh out the rest, or did someone else?

NSJ: Oh, yeah, I did. But what happens is that you'll make a pass, you'll work on it, then you'll say "I'm empty. That's it." And you can get hired to do the same thing, you can sit and write every word, but it might not be such a good idea, you know? Also the left-



King of New York

ences of the people putting up the money and things like that can really have an effect on the look of the finished product. It feels empty. The resolutions weren't as forceful as they should have been because the whole thing is... spread out.

**DS:** Why the four year hiatus between FEAR CITY and CHINA GIRL?

**AP:** Because after FEAR CITY no-one wanted to have anything to do with us.

**DS:** I know you directed a couple of episodes of Michael Mann's MIAMI VICE, as well as the pilot for his series CRIME STORY.

**AP:** That's true. One of the producers of MIAMI VICE, who was also the casting director, worked with us on developing a project called SARA. When the financing didn't come through, she made up for it by finding us work on MIAMI VICE.

I love working on television... It's so fast. A few days of shooting and Bam! 30 million Americans can see what you've done. What's more, when you direct an episode of MIAMI VICE, viewers immediately think of you as part of the whole series. If I want a good table in a restaurant, all I have to do is say, "You know, MIAMI VICE..." Whereas if I said, "You know, MS.45..." odds are they'd show me the exit. When you work in television, you become part of a great American cultural wave, which isn't the case when you deliver some bloody thing like DRILLER KILLER.

**DS:** Let's go on to CHINA GIRL. Nich, this was obviously an attempt on your part to update ROMEO AND JULIET.

**NSA:** There were two reasons for that. Abel wanted to make this film, he was crazy for the idea of setting the conflict in CHINATOWN and LITTLE IT-

ALY because it hadn't been done. There's no reason to adapt Shakespeare slavishly - that has been done. For CHINA GIRL to work, the love story had to be underpinned with the themes of racism and violence.

**DS:** I understand the producers wanted to modify the ending.

**NSA:** We came close to open war with Vestron. Above all, Abel and I wanted to preserve the tragic ending out of respect for the message we were trying to get across. What lesson do you take away if the two kids wander away hand-in-hand after everything? That violence doesn't really hurt anybody? That racism is just a petty problem? That all love stories have happy endings? That's just not true.

**DS:** Do you have another project in the works?

**AP:** Yeah, it's called KING OF NEW YORK. We want to make a modern gangster film.

**NSA:** A young guy gets out of prison completely transformed after five years of pain. He runs a criminal industry in New York, but he's got a social conscience. He wants money to build hospitals, shelters, schools... he wants to change New York for the better. He goes to the head of a local gang and says, "From now on, we're going to give back half of what we take." And you can imagine how well that goes down. The guy takes on the whole world: The Columbian, the Italian, the Chinese and, above all, the cops... it's going to be our master-piece."

It's three years later, and their masterpiece is completed. This time the scene is Abel Ferrara's Manhattan loft - no designer showcase - and he's still dressed in basic black, "the de rigueur outfit of the street... the perfect color for springtime," he snickers.

**DS:** No-one in the States has seen CAT CHASER, though it was released abroad.

**AP:** Yeah, well that's good. It was an Elmore Leonard story, and I really wanted to do it. The book is a masterpiece. Leonard is like the Mark Twain of the 20th century; I think he's a genius. I had Pe-

ter Weller and Kelly McGillis in the cast; their characters both come from Detroit, are living in Miami and wind up part of a triangle. She's living with some torture general from the Caribbean, and he's running a broken down motel on the beach; they get involved in a wild affair. Scouted like a good idea.

I shot it, we got it to a cut that was not bad - not great, but not bad - and I had to leave to start work on KING OF NEW YORK. After I left, it was totally re-edited, rescored... the producers added this horrible voice-over from beginning to end. Not even Peter Weller's voice - Weller refused to do it. It was really outrageous... like somebody talking behind you for the whole movie. Then it opened in England and played for 12 weeks, when CHINA GIRL played for five minutes. What do I know?

**DS:** Everybody spoke of Q&A as daring because it spoke about the interplay of race and class, legitimate and criminal business in New York. KING OF NEW YORK does the same thing and is twice as tough. Why this subject, now?

**AP:** Because it's in the air now, up on the surface, maybe more than it's ever been. You live the life, you walk around... and if you walk around with your eyes and your ears open, then that's what comes out. Nicky and I don't sit around and discuss what we're going to make a film about next; it's not that



Kelly McGillis, Peter Weller in Cat Chaser





Christopher Walken - King of New York

clean. All of a sudden you're making a film. You're living here, and it's a cumulative thing - what you see, what you hear and what you think about it. And what you think about it - what you do about it - gets added to the flow.

DS: You're already being criticized for racism in this film.

AF: Yeah... racist? All these black guys working for a white man named Frank White. A college educated white man - you don't get a more perfect oppressor than that, do you? (laughs) Fishburne could have had Walken's part... then would the film have been racist?

And Christopher Walken... what you see, that's him. He's acting, but it's him. We got a real pan in the VILLAGE VOICE, and they single out Chris for giving the most horrible, mannered performance of his career. But it's so complex, what he does, you can't even describe it. I can't even imagine anyone else in the role. He's a force of nature.

I don't even look at these guys as black or white. People who think Larry Fishburne's part is racist should talk to Larry Fishburne. What does the word racist mean, anyway? Seeing this film as racist says more about the viewer than about the movie.

DS: How did you stage that incredibly complicated shot in Times Square, with Walken, the major traffic jam, the mob of police officers and the huge milling crowd. How did you get permits to tie up the streets that way, and how did you make it work logistically?

AF: Permits are easy to get - movies bring capital into the city and you can shoot basically anywhere you want. And it wasn't a huge traffic snarl - it was a one light wait. After 10:30 at night Times Square is a ghost town; there's nobody who lives there, you know? We waited until about 10:15, 10:50, which is when the theaters are

letting out and you have a real crowd on the street. You can't dress a set like that. But they aren't there for long - they get into their cars and go back to New Jersey as fast as they can.

We placed our car, the taxi with Chris in it. The light was green. When it turned red we held the traffic; guys are going crazy, honking their horns. The light turned green again, then red, and we let them go. One take. There aren't many shots where you see the jam and the crowds and the cops all together, but you don't need them. You see it once and your mind fills in the rest. It wasn't easy - there was a lot of co-ordination involved - but it wasn't that hard.

DS: As always, the sense of New York is palpable.

AF: You know why. I live here, not like someone who comes in from LA for two weeks of location shooting. I see New York every day, I walk around the streets. When it comes time to shoot, all we do is come in and light them up. KING OF NEW YORK is not a Hollywood picture, made by 450 people working off computer readouts of what they think people want to see.

But there were locations we need for KING OF NEW YORK that were like foreign countries to me. The Irish cop bar was some neighborhood that was so white... I couldn't believe it.

King of New York



And where the Chicken Hot scene is (a viciously funny *tour de force* that begins with Fishburne baying fried chicken and ends with his arrest)... that was a block where every store had bulletproof glass. The shoe store. The hardware store, *Ezerpawbers*. The whole neighborhood. I've never seen anything like it in my life. And we had to take the bulletproof glass down, because we couldn't deal with the reflections.

DS: Why do you think so many filmmakers are seeing on the gangster film as a metaphor for America today. Look at MILLER'S CROSSING, GODFATHER III and GOODFELLAS, to name only the obvious ones.

AF: It's strange, but mostly strange that they're all coming out now, since some of these films have been in the works for years. I think it's just Coincidence. But there's a vibe, too. Certain things become possible at certain times. "Not everyone who runs the city is elected," is the tag line for KING OF NEW YORK, and maybe people are ready to hear it.

The hero of this movie swam through five miles of shark infested water just to get to Hong Kong, so he



King of New York

could come to America and be a Capitalist. His attitude about the People on the street is let them die.

DS: What's your next project?

AF: We're doing a film called BIRDS OF PREY, a futuristic film set in the present and shot in New York. A multinational corporation is controlling the country, and we're in the middle of a civil war. Not two sides out fighting in the open, but a guerilla war where you never know who the hell's who. You can be stopped on the street by special security squads who ask for your American Express card, and if you don't have it they shoot you down where you stand. Nicky wrote it in 1980 and I'm still trying to get it off the ground. Must be something about those pallies of ans... or maybe it's just us.

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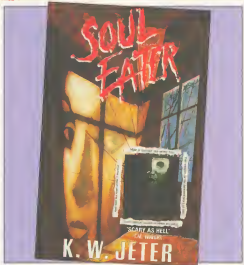


# PRINTS OF DARKNESS

Soul eaters and cannibalistic Aborigines occupy our book column this month. As always John Brosnan reads between the lines

**Y**ou know the situation: you're deeply engrossed in a novel and suddenly you hit a glitch that jolts you out of your willing suspension of disbelief and reminds you that the author is only human. It may be only a small thing but it's enough to upset your enjoyment of the novel. You say to yourself, if the author's got this wrong then how can I be sure he's got anything right. The glitch undermines your belief in his, or her, authorial power.

I hit such a glitch while reading *The Calling* (NEL, £3.50) by Richard Sanford. It's on page 148. The villain is showing a guest, and potential victim, around his study and indicates some photographs on the wall: "Those are bushmen of the Australian outback" the old man volunteered. Louis was studying a picture of younger Taggart in short sleeves and shorts surrounded by Aborigines, posing stiffly with their spears. "We were great friends by the time I left," he went on. "I never hit it off with their neighbours in the next bush, but it was just as well. They still practised cannibalism - sadly, I'm afraid."



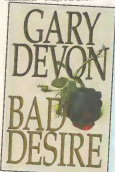
Odd I said as I read that. Mr Sanford, an American, doesn't know much about Aborigines or Australia. Aborigines, to my knowledge, have never practised cannibalism, and the term 'in the next bush' is nonsensical. The Bush is the Bush - it's an all encompassing term, not a specific one. Anyway, after that I found it hard to take Mr Sanford's word for granted for the rest of his novel.

And it reminded me of a glitch I'd encountered in Stephen King's *Four Past Midnight* (which I reviewed last month): it's in the first story, page 182, when one of the characters, who is supposed to be an SAS assassin, "We Limeys have forgotten more nasty mischief than you Johnnies ever knew... we British are great believers in cloak and dagger, and the fabled M15 isn't where it ends but only where it begins." I'm afraid, Steve, that any 'Limey' would know that M15 operates only within the U.K. and that it's M16 which deals with the outside world.

But enough of these digressions; what

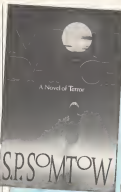
about *The Calling*, glitch or no glitch? Well, it concerns this young married couple, Diana and Louis, who get the unexpected opportunity to rest, very cheaply, a luxury house in a remote part of California during their vacation. But they have been set up. Some of the locals belong to a mysterious sect headed by a strange old man called Noah Taggart (he of the 'next bush'). What do the sect want of the nice young couple? Who exactly is Noah Taggart? I'm not telling you. But I will tell you that *The Calling* is an okay horror read even though I found Sanford's writing style kind of confusing at times - and I never could figure out the significance of Louis's strange hallucinations, though maybe it has something to do with the end, which I also found confusing.

Much better was K. W. Jeter's *Soul Eater* (Pan, £3.99). I've read Jeter's science fiction before but this is the first of his horror novels that I've encountered, and I'm pleased to hear that Pan will be publishing his entire list of horror titles.



Saul Eater is about commercial artist David Braemer, his 10 year old daughter, Dec and his wife, Rene, who lies, withered and corpse-like, in a deep coma; one which she entered after trying, and failing, to murder her daughter. So you can see it's not your typical all-American family (then again...) David loves his daughter, even when she gets into the habit of coming into his bedroom at night with a carving knife. David finally has to face the fact that there is more of Rene in his daughter than he realized. It's just not a superior piece of horror writing but it touches on some dangerous ground about family relationships.

Also working in a dangerous area is *Bad Dealer* (Bantam, £13.99) by Gary Green. It's not strictly a genre horror novel but in a real sense it's protagonist, Henry Slater, is a man possessed. Slater is the mayor of an affluent Californian coastal town and seems to have everything, including a beautiful wife and a lot of money. But he also has a secret. For 7 years he's been obsessed with a girl, Sheila. It began when she arrived in the town to live with her grandmother, when she was 10 years old. Now she's 17 and he's going crazy. He has to have her. But now the girl's grandmother knows of his obsession and is threatening to tell his wife. So what does he do? Well, first he hires a hitman to knock off Grandma but when the hitman gets himself electrocuted he is obliged to do the job himself. But



then complications arise, so he has to commit another murder, and so on. It gives one a perverse thrill to watch as this pillar of the community sinks into a mire of ever-complicated duplicity and confusion while he steps at nothing to protect himself and reach his goal. I enjoyed it. It's a real page-turner and sure to become

a Major Motion Picture.

The book trailing the most clouds of glory this month is *Mossesence* (Gollancz, £14.95) by S.P. Sometow. One of the critics extolling its virtues on the back jacket is A.J. Badrys who says: "The language, pace and length come out of Henry James leavened by Nathaniel Hawthorne... ingenious, as hell... here is an artwork being created that bypasses Stephen King literally." Wow, I thought, a book that bypasses Stephen King literally. Not pastas, you notice, but *bypasses*. And literally. Then, when reading the author's acknowledgements I noticed Badrys's name among the people he thanks for their help. How did he know Badrys was going to give him such a good review? Spooley. As for the novel itself I'm afraid I don't agree with Badrys, which is probably why my name is not included in the Acknowledgements. It's a long, sprawling and tedious saga about a bunch of European werewolves moving to the Wild West of America and encountering a bunch of Indian werewolves. No one enjoys the encounter, putting it mildly. There's lots of violence and lots of delatating and pissing. These werewolves act like real dogs. In fact, the book ends with the line "Eat my shit! Smell my piss! I am the Queen!" It was a real struggle for me to keep reading this novel and if I hadn't had to read it I would have given up a quarter of the way through. To me the whole thing was just one big glitch.



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# THE DARK SIDE COMPETITION CRYPT

*Yes, it's gory giveaway time again, and this month we've dug up another generous coffin-load of ghoulish goodies to liven up those cold dark evenings in the crypt while you're waiting for your electricity shares to come through. Pin your pointed ears back and get a load of this lot!*



*First off we have a hunch (though not as bad as Quasimodo's) that Fred Olen Ray fans will want to own a copy of his latest masterpiece, ALIENATOR, even if it IS the sort of movie that you only put on late at night to get rid of unwanted guests. You too can thrill to one of the lowest budget alien invasions on record, thanks to the enterprising Prism Video, who have kindly donated ten copies for the more brain-damaged of our readers!*

*Secondly, we come to non-stop action with THE PUNISHER (20-20 Vision), the movie version of the popular Marvel comic book about thevengeful exploits of Frank Castle (Dolph Lundgren), a cop who returns from the dead to wage a vicious war on the underworld. This is terrific stuff, directed at a fast clip by Mark Goldblatt, editor of THE TERMINATOR, and once again we have ten copies to give away.*



*Finally, S.E.C. Home Video have kindly donated ten copies of their impressive new supernatural thriller, MIRROR MIRROR, which stars the great Karen Black in a terrifying tale of witchcraft and human sacrifice. Horror buffs will definitely enjoy reflecting on it...*

Some readers have been complaining about their mounting phone bills, so from now on we're giving you a choice as to how you enter our creepy competition. You can either call in on our hellish British Terrorcom hotline (0898-345997) and answer five questions about recent horror releases, in which case if you answer correctly your name will go forward for inclusion in the prize draw collection. Or you can send a ghostcard to our editorial address with a corny caption for the hair-raising picture right (taken from MIRROR, MIRROR) that will make us die laughing. Prizes will be split 50/50 between each entry method. Remember, all cassettes are VHS only, and as always the Ed's decision is final. So nyahh!



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# METAMORPHOSIS

By INGRID PITT

The rain had stopped and it had grown dark. Karla leaned forward expectantly as light flashed from a windscreen on the distant road. She had been sitting by the window for nearly five hours, watching the traffic with a mixture of dread and fearful anticipation.

There was nothing else in the isolated cottage to take her mind off her hunger. In the corner was expensive hi-fi equipment - but she wasn't allowed to touch that.

The old cottage was rapidly falling to pieces from neglect. The walls were damp and the air musty and freezing. Only the fire in the grate, glowing a golden red, kept back the cold which she feared more than hunger. Over the fire was a wide mantelpiece with a solemnly ticking grandfather clock, which ticked off the slow days of her torture.

Karla forced herself to sit still in the hard wheelchair, she wanted to cry.

It wasn't a new feeling. There was no doubt that she had become an apathetic creature, a slavish animal pathetically waiting for the first sign of the approaching vicious master whose only response to her tailwagging servility was more cruelty. It hadn't always been like that...

The baby had started early. The first pangs of fear had hit her when she had discovered the telephone wasn't working. At the bottom of the stone steps was the Mini she used as a run-about. If she could have reached that it would have taken her less than ten minutes to reach a hospital and then all her present misery would have been avoided.

The milkman found her lying in a pool of blood at the bottom of the stone steps. The baby had been dead and Karla never walked again.

The run-down cottage had become her jail, and George her jailer. She was trapped forever. Her last link with the outside world had been broken when he cut off the telephone and told the milkman not to call again.

To his crippled wife, George now displayed a degree of autism which she had never thought him capable of. He subjected her to a regime of reward and punishment. When she pleased him he fed her, when she upset him he cut off all her food - until he felt her sin had been redeemed.

Tonight her punishment was scheduled to be over and she could still the churning pains of hunger.

As long as she didn't upset him again!

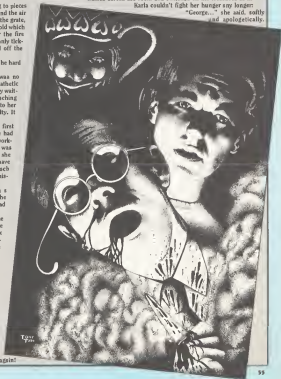
Her heart was pounding in her throat, and she forced a meek smile as he came striding through the door, took off his coat and hung it on the hook.

Karla bit her lip to keep from asking the fatal question which would almost certainly infuriate him.

George took a large paper bag out of his case and extracted a record album from it. He turned it lovingly in his hands as he walked across the room and switched on his treasured hi-fi.

Karla couldn't fight her hunger any longer.

"George..." she said, softly and apologetically.





Her husband took no notice.

"George," she said, shivering, fighting not to say the next words but incapable of stopping herself. "George. Did you bring me any food?"

George stopped wiping his new record and stared at the wall in front of him for several seconds before slowly continuing to erase the disc. She wondered how she could ever have trusted him. His colourless hair plastered thinly to the sides of his head made an insipid frame for his sallow face; bottle-bottom glasses over dead fish eyes. He was so ugly, inside and out.

Recklessly she grabbed his arm and tried to swing him round to face her.

"Please George. Give me food. Please! George, please! It wasn't my fault..."

Her whining revolted her but she had long ago lost her pride. Almost casually he swung his hand backwards and caught her a heavy blow in the face. A frenzy seized him. While Karla tried ineffectually to protect herself the demented man rained blows down on her head. Exhausted he kicked her chair across the room.

Karla fought to control her anxiety.

As the first chords of Musorgsky's 'Night on the Bare Mountain' crashed out and George picked up his conductor's baton and started to follow the canned orchestration, Karla burst into tears. But they were not tears of self-pity, they were hot tears of rage. She looked at her husband's arm gesticulating in a frenzied response to the music and wanted to hurt him—badly.

Breathless she looked around for something to use and her eyes fell on the poker thrust between the bars of the fire. The end was white hot and she had to use her blanket to take it out. Her arms were hard and powerful from the treadmill of her wheelchair. As the opus gathered for a crashing final, Karla raised

her flaming sword high above her head.

There was no fear now!  
No indecision!

With one hard, penetrating thrust she drove the poker through her tormenter's back and into his black heart. As he plunged forward his cry was devoured by the ecstatic screams of his tortured wife.

It was a week before George's boss came looking for him. As he parked his car at the bottom of the stone steps he heard the sounds of 'Morning in the Hall of the Mountain King' from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, crashing out from the dilapidated cottage.

His knock evoked no response. He tipped the latch and thrust open the door.

Across the room, back towards him, a figure writhed in frantic ecstasy to the swelling music. The man stepped through the doorway but stopped in fearful apprehension. The room was bare of furniture. Over the fireplace the clock stood, the pendulum hanging without momentum. The old Toby Jugs on either side seemed to grin down with evil knowledge of things best left unknown. On top of the clock a skull, picked clean and as shiny as the porcelain that flanked it, grimaced at the room. He tried not to look at the horror of the fireplace. The fire was out now but in the grate was a neat pile of bones which even to his inexperienced eye, identified themselves as human remains.

The man felt the hair on the back of his neck stand out in stark terror.



He spun round, suddenly horrorstruck and sick with fear that he would be another victim.

He needn't have concerned himself.

The tall figure on the other side of the room was too immersed in the swelling music to worry about the visitor. As the last chords died away Karla turned and bowed to an audience which only she could see.

Carefully she smoothed back her colourless hair and adjusted the bottle bottom glasses in front of her dead fish eyes before slipping another record on the hi-fi and once again picking up the baton.





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